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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Virtue of Intolerance

IF criticism owes a duty to tolerance—and no one, we suppose, would deny that the very keystone of good criticism is open-mindedness—it has no less an obligation to intolerance. For quite as much as it must be hospitable to the new and the experimental must it be cold to the shoddy and the merely eccentric. Poise is of equal value in criticism with enthusiasm, and balance is a virtue devoutly to be courted. But balance unfortunately is one of the rarest of virtues. For it is the way of human nature if it espouses a cause to cleave to it strongly, and the more warmly it upholds it the less to be able to see its faults. Thus it is that a Gertrude Stein can become a fetish to her admirers, her banalities and dulnesses seem the earmarks of genius, and her cult take on the seriousness of gospel. The mere fact that to the mass of the cultured public her mannerisms seem absurdities, her repetitions and involutions atrocities, has no weight with her followers. If these qualities cannot be appreciated by the conservative, why, so much the worse for the conservative. And that, in the language of the day, is that.

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But it is not that, it is not by any means the whole of the matter. For Gertrude Stein and her disciples may be perfectly negligible phenomena, but the criticism that treats them not only with respect but as of enormous importance is a serious matter. It is the kind of criticism that is by the nature of the case militant rather than persuasive, that is supercilious to tradition, and scornful of standards. It is a proselytizing criticism that is dangerous since it makes a god of novelty and attaches to the bizarre inherent merit. It is sadly lacking in the saving grace of humor, is warped out of perspective by its own heat, and is self-hypnotized into seeing aridity as simplicity, oddness as beauty, emptiness as pregnance. Surely such writing as Gertrude Stein's could not hold attention for a day if it were not for the smoke screen of importance which the critics have thrown about it. Its own stupidity would have laughed it into oblivion.

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Some time ago in a Commencement address, Professor John Livingston Lowes of Harvard, after commenting upon the delights of good reading, added: "And after one has wound up one's faculties, like Mrs. Battle, over serious things, one may indulge with propriety in what I suppose one may designate as a slumming expedition among books." And he went on to explain his statement by saying that to Macaulay a slumming expedition was a journey through Kitty Cuthbertson's novels with their no less than twenty-seven fainting fits in the course of five volumes; to Dr. Johnson, a reading of John Ruttey's "A Spiritual Diary and Soliloquies," and to himself a perusal of the tear-filled pages of Henry MacKenzie's "A Man of Feeling." Surely it is into this category of literary slumming that forging through the pages of Gertrude Stein, falls, or else is all common sense fled from literature. Place it in conjunction with an even indifferently fine piece of writing, and can such a passage as the following culled from Miss Stein's effusion in *The New Criterion* entitled "Fifteenth of November" be regarded as other than a slum?

> Not as yet and to ask a question and to ask a question and as not yet. As not yet and to as yet and to ask a question and to as yet and to wind as yet and to as yet and to ask a question and to as yet ask a question as not yet and to ask as not yet, and as not yet to ask a question as yet, and to as yet to wind as not yet, as not yet to wind please wind as not yet to ask a question and to and not yet. Please wind the clock and as yet and as not yet, please wind the clock and not yet, to please not yet as not yet.

Or such another passage as concludes the story:

> Not only wool and woolen silk and silken not only silk and silken wool and woolen not only wool and woolen silk and silken not only silk and silken wool and woolen not only wool and woolen silk and silken not only silk . . .

and so *ad nauseam*.

If this is literature, or anything other than stupidity worse than madness, then has all criticism since the beginning of letters been mere idle theorizing. If it is literature, then alas! for literature. Thank Heaven, that there are still Professor Lowes and Harvards to conserve tradition and guide taste, and to make the world unsafe for eccentricity. For the times can ill afford eccentricity. To raise the grotesque and the absurd to the plane of the serious is to render a disservice to literature. More, it is to render an insult to intelligence and invoke a curse on criticism.

Orion

By CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

I LOVE a hunter of the winter sky
Who swings above the earth when nights are clear.
Atop that hill I watch his head appear,
His giant shoulders and his belt awry,
A little knife of planets at his thigh.
When sudden freshets hint that spring is near,
He dips into the Southern Hemisphere
As though celestial game-laws bade him fly.
What does he hunt? Will he return some day
Bearing aloft his spoils of ancient pride,
With Taurus or wild Capricorn his prey,
Bright star-dust pouring from a clean-gashed hide,
Or (for belike he hunts another way)
Dishonored Virgo sobbing at his side?

This Week

"Mated." Reviewed by *Ernest Sutherland Bates.*

"The Dancing Girl of Shamaka." Reviewed by *Theodore Purdy, Jr.*

"Starbrace." Reviewed by *Cornelius Weygandt.*

"The English Comic Characters." Reviewed by *Milton Waldman.*

Nine Women Poets. Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*

"The Case of Bituminous Coal." Reviewed by *Rexford Guy Tugwell.*

"Ouroboros"; "Lycurgus"; and "Pygmalion." Reviewed by *E. C. Lindeman.*

Notes on Sitting in Corners. By *Stella Benson.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Nietzsche. By *C. M. Bakewell.*

"Genesis of the Constitution of the United States." Reviewed by *Charles Warren.*

Authorship Ready-to-Wear

By BURGES JOHNSON
Vassar College

A PAINFULLY large number of people nowadays want to write something and then see it in print. Such a common yearning ought not to surprise me, because even this bit of writing might be thus explained. But would-be writers of the yearnful sort fall naturally into two groups; those who have something on their minds that clamors for utterance, and which they greatly wish that they knew how to write,—Conrad was of this kind; and a larger group of those who wish they knew how to write, and expect to think of something to write about after they learn how.

I would not speak disparagingly of all in that second category. It is a pleasant thing to dream of sending any written words out to unknown and unnumbered readers. It is stimulating to imagine oneself placing an opened magazine where an unknown traveling companion will chance upon it; to watch his glance of indifference ripening into interest,—to see him eagerly turn the page,—to hear his chuckle or his hurried breathing; and then to murmur modestly, "Do you like it? It happens to be a little thing of mine."

But too large a proportion of this latter group have no such understandable shy fancies. On the contrary they think of writing as a gainful occupation that does not strain the muscles or weary the back; that does not soil the hands except for a few honorable ink-spots; and that, above all, numbers them among a romantic company of folk who are much in the public eye.

"Gainful" is the really important word in that paragraph. Easy Money is the lure that accounts for too many of these seekers after literary success. Naturally the long routine of training and the toil of practice do not appeal to them. What they want are the abridged rules of the "game,"—recipes for romances, scenario success in ten lessons; in a word, short cuts to royalties.

They are hardly to be blamed for thinking that the knack of producing salable writings may be easily and quickly acquired. Note these quotations from a two-page advertisement that must have reached hundreds of thousands of readers:

> If you have ever had hopes or dreams, if you have ever pictured yourself or your friends in a different environment, if you ever wondered what you would do or say if a certain thing happened to you—then you have imagination and you can write stories. Why not give it a chance? Why sacrifice the opportunity of becoming a famous author just because you haven't faith enough to try? Writers aren't born, you know. Any successful writer will tell you that. Decide right now that you're going to be a writer! You can keep up with your old occupation, if you want to, until the checks begin to come in pretty regularly. Just use your spare time for a while. It's going to be the thrill of a life-time when you take the folks to see your very own picture in the movies! Blank's course "How to Write Stories" will open the door to successful authorship for you. The price is only five dollars—ridiculous when you consider how utterly valuable it is. Five dollars for a course that not only teaches you how to write stories, but how to find ideas for them, how to sell them, where to sell them! Why your first story will no doubt bring fifty times that much. . . . Clip the coupon and mail it now, for the course that will open the door to a brilliant literary career.

Everyone who reads the advertising pages must be familiar with these alluring promises of a hand-me-down success. Some are so skilfully phrased that one wonders why the writers are not themselves contentedly reaping the fabulous rewards of authorship that they promise. Perhaps—having found the easiest way—they are! One of them in fact admits that he might be engaged in writing

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best sellers, but that he is cursed by a spirit of altruism. "Why waste time over the washboard," asks another, "when you know that the story of your own life is full of interest?"

"Song-poems wanted!" "Photo-plays find a ready market"—all such slogans carry with them the promise or the implication that *you*—note the pointed finger—are moiling away for a pittance at your stupid vocation when you might easily be as rich as Robert W. Chambers.

So the baited hook catches the fish; and just how many are thus caught not even the post-office department could pretend to estimate. But perhaps one fragment from the records might give us an idea. Not long ago certain periodicals and great numbers of country newspapers were carrying the brief advertisement of a magazine that purported to be published in Washington, D. C. "Manuscripts Wanted" was its catch line. Ambitious writers, young and old, who responded, received an immediate acknowledgment with words of fulsome praise for their work. "But," said the letter in a typical case, "you lack just that professional quality in your writing that makes all the difference, and we urge you to secure the services of a professional bureau to revise your story." Thereupon they recommended a certain firm of literary revisers in their own city, for whose skill they could vouch; and they took the liberty of passing the manuscript along.

Of course the bureau of revisers also wrote at once with further words of praise, and an offer to revise the manuscript for thirty dollars. The young author had not thirty dollars to spend in that way, so they wrote again saying that in view of the peculiar merits of the work they would touch it up for twenty dollars and guarantee a sale. This, in the terms of our Los Angeles and Miami friends, seemed to be a sure-fire proposition. So the twenty dollars were forthcoming; something may have been done to the manuscript, and the Bureau sent it to the magazine which actually paid the author fifteen dollars. Five dollars, then, was the total amount that writer's experience cost him.

But go behind the scenes and one learns more of the play. The magazine did not really exist. Its offices were in a building that faced two streets; and under one roof and one management were the magazine, and another non-existent magazine, and the bureau, and at least two "song-poem" publishing houses, and other skilled writers of advertising. The managers of this multiform enterprise overstepped the postal regulations and then the law of the land and went to prison. How many dupes of this one concern there may have been no one knows. But there were enough to pay the rental of an entire building out of such five dollar margins as I have described, and yield a good profit beside. One of its advertisements I saw in an Oklahoma paper, and I met a farmer's wife there who had suffered at its hands and could ill afford it.

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It is hard to feel pity for most of the victims of a get-rich-quick concern; and surely those would-be writers deserve none who have been lured solely by a dream of fabulous royalties and little effort. But the correspondence files of the Authors' League contain pathetic stories of many men and women who have been over-persuaded to give up remunerative employment and invest time and savings in their own hopelessly incompetent writing. It is not fair to say that their motives have in each case been mercenary. Some have dreamed that they might escape from the tyranny of material tasks and find a life of the spirit that should be self-sustaining. So clerks and mechanics have signed contracts with bogus agencies that promised to show them how to write and market movie scenarios; and office boys have invested in music for their own "song poems"; and teachers have given up savings as their "share" in the cost of book publication.

It is possible that soon after this article appears in print a letter will come to me addressed in care of this magazine. It will convey to me the heart-warming suggestion that my work is winning attention; and that a published collection of my writings might fit very well into a certain publisher's autumn list. But I shall not be unduly flattered when the letter comes; for I know that hundreds of other contributors to current magazines are receiving identical letters, even though the contribution may have been their first appearance in print; and I know that every magazine which has reprinted old classics or new translations of famous continental writers, has received letters addressed in its care to Mr. Charles Dickens or Mr. G. D. Maupassant, urging those gentlemen to consider book publication. If Mr. Maupassant or I happened to reply with manuscript enclosures we would receive identical assurances that our work had won the hearty approval of the publisher's readers; but that owing to certain conditions (not necessarily our fault) the investment in such a book would be attended by some risk. Would we, therefore, consider the assumption of a fair share in the cost of publication? If that share happened to be more than either of our bank accounts could stand, it is probable that continued negotiations would soon temper the wind to the wool of the lamb.

I do not mean to imply that anyone who carries on the business of publishing at the author's expense or for the author's account is doing business improperly. A few highly reputable publishers have made it a practice to invite an author to share the risk in the case of a worthy technical book which is unlikely to find a wide sale. Some publishers have maintained this attitude toward collections of poetry, explaining that while volumes of verse may not be profitable, yet such books make a desirable addition to any general list.

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Nevertheless the publisher who publishes at the author's expense faces the temptation to make a profit out of the author rather than out of the book. Undoubtedly many publishers have resisted this temptation throughout years of honorable publishing existence and undoubtedly some have yielded. Now and then in the history of the book market some predatory publisher has appeared who would submit a statement of the cost of an edition of one thousand copies from plates, together with the cost of advertising and the cost of distribution, and agree to divide this total with the author, thus sharing with him the financial risk of publication. But the facts were that he never printed the quantity specified, nor manufactured any set of plates, nor expended other sums in advertising or salesmanship; so that the author's share paid not only the total cost, but profit to the publisher as well. The records of American publishing have been comparatively free of such rascals; and of course evidence of their acts would have put them into prison. But modifications of this one-sided game, inside the law but quite as unsatisfactory to the author, have been frequently played.

Some of those who prey upon people ambitious to write may have started out legitimately enough; but they found profit-taking so easy that the temptation was evidently more than they could bear. Acting as an "author's agent," for instance, is certainly a legitimate business, and the honest and competent agent performs a useful service to the man of letters. But as soon as he has established himself and has obtained wide acquaintance with the purchasers of literary wares, ambitious young writers seek him out, hoping that the agent may know some short cuts to literary achievement. It is the young writer's confident belief that somehow his wares would sell if only they were better marketed rather than better written. If many incompetent beginners pester an agent, he finds that willy nilly he soon becomes a "literary bureau," forced to criticize and revise manuscript himself before seeking the market. Often he must know that no market can possibly be found for such truck. To protect himself he says that he will not proceed without a fee in advance as well as a commission contingent upon sales. Please note the temptation that faces him. He has received a fee which is later to be subtracted from the commission derived from a sale. But it is obvious to him that the stuff will never sell; it was forced upon him in the first place. If he puts the commission in his pocket and makes the mildest sort of effort to carry out his agency work, who is the wiser? Before long he is advertising with the best of them that he will criticize, revise, and market manuscript, charging all alike a fee in advance.

There are reputable literary agents, many of whom have been doing business for years. The very fact that they have so long resisted this pressure entitles them so much the more to an honorable place in the records of our literary market.

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It is evident that a great number of people want to write anything—whatever it is—and then see it in print. And it is equally evident that a number of other people stand ready to encourage this desire for reasons that have nothing to do with altruism or an interest in literature. Possibly an all-wise Providence which invented spiders as well as flies has seen to it that one of these groups shall balance the other. But all of the advertising of these short-cut fellows, whether or not it lures its prey, does other harm. The idea that a successful author works as hard as any one else to earn a living is far from current. That he may have slaved harder than most apprentices through a long and disheartening period of training is not to be believed in the face of such propaganda. The result is a generally lessened respect for true literary attainment.

It is the business of education to foster the fine arts. But it happens often that our universities encourage this false appraisal of authorship by joining hands with the literary engineers. "If I can for fifty dollars and a dozen lessons learn to be a successful short-story writer," says the literarily ambitious young man, "why should not my state university render me the same service in the same space of time, free of charge? That is what the institution is for." And because there is some little competition for numbers and some little pride in the business of providing for all educational desires, the university yields. What one university offers, others must offer. This may perhaps explain the fact that a great university, though it be not tax supported, offers a correspondence course in photo-playwriting.

These get-literary-quick courses in our universities do not lack defenders. If private enterprise, they plead, is exploiting the ambitions of thousands of would-be writers, and promising that authorship will be attained by means of ten lessons and the clipping of a coupon, is it not the duty of the college to meet such competition, and offer bread rather than stones?

Another thing is said for the colleges. Many of them in the past have apparently failed to teach their students to write English. Although writing went on in their classrooms, it was not in a language that the world uses, but in a something heavy and involved and stilted and obscure. For some time they have recognized the justice of this indictment, and in their anxiety to change, have hurriedly installed many of the bad manners of current journalism.

Whatever may be said for the colleges, the fact remains that some of them are competing with the how-to-do-it advertisers by promising an easily earned literary success. There is a hint of competition in some of the announcements of university summer sessions; and one finds in some of their descriptions of courses in essay writing, poetry writing, short-story writing, play writing, advertisement writing, news writing, photo-play writing, specious promises as to what may be accomplished in forty lessons, or even in twenty.

* * *

There is this to be said for all of the get-literary-quick concerns, both academic and commercial, they are justified in promising results of a sort. Readers of current literature in America have increased in number enormously; and the proportion which does not discriminate between good and bad writing is large. But all of them are deeply interested in life and love and death and lust and laughter and tears, and they easily acquire a taste for any of it raw, in gobs. Good or bad manners in the telling of it mean nothing to them; good manners, in fact, have the effect of undesirable dilution. This widespread demand must create a supply. So a corresponding quality of middlemen arise and equip themselves with periodicals which buy and distribute the stuff.

Undoubtedly the arts of writing—poetic or dramatic or what you will—like all other arts have a technique, and whoever has something to write and a strong desire to write it is well repaid for all the time he may spend in study and practice, under any system or none. Few patent medicines are intrinsically harmful. The harm is done by the promises that are pasted on the bottle.

To teach the tricks of the writing trade without trying to establish first as a groundwork a mastery of clear and accurate English is to encourage tricksters rather than artists. It would be a pity if any of our universities had joined with our quack advertisers to create an impression among the simple-minded or the avaricious that this art of writing may be purchased ready-to-wear; that like a suit of Klever-Kut-Clothes it may be donned regardless of lack of vocabulary and good taste and even ideas, and immediately present to the world the Well-Dressed Writer.

It would be a pity, because Heaven knows that just now there is too ready a market for standardized literary products with interchangeable parts.

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Marriage

MATED. By WALLACE IRWIN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE latest work by the father of Hashimura Togo proves to be a problem novel with a dual personality. In serial form the story had its logical backbone broken to provide the happy ending considered necessary to the delicate constitution of magazine readers. In book form the bitter brew steeped for Lucinda by her five parents or near-parents is drunk to the last drop. Mr. Irwin undoubtedly objected to the magazine falsification of Lucinda's character as much as could the reader, so any discussion of "Mated" must be based upon the present and obviously the original ending. And the book should give rise to much discussion since it is permeated by marriage, divorce, and unlegalized union. The sincerity of the work, the relentless honesty of the characterization, and the negative outcome protect the book from any hint of sensationalism, despite its highly colorful incidents. If Mr. Irwin has any leaning toward sequels, it is quite safe to guarantee him a public for Lucinda's further pilgrimage as large as that which will certainly rally to "Mated." It has the same what-happened-then tang that kept Scheherazade's head in place during the one thousand and one nights.

The story presents Lucinda from her very cradle with a spectacle of disastrous marriages that would give pause to a hardened adult. To the little girl, keenly sensitive to nuances of mood in the grown-ups around her, marriage, instead of being an accepted fact of which in childhood one is scarcely conscious, becomes a problem for which Lucinda can find no answer. The first marital relationship of which she is aware is that of her mother, Matalea, and her step-father, Isaac Shelby. Shelby, a lovable dilletante without ambition or ability, is a source of great irritation to Matalea, to whom money and position are the breath of life. Lucinda feels bitterly the ignominy heaped upon this pseudo-father of hers, and the intimacy between the middle-aged man and the little girl has reality and beauty. A visit to the home of her real father and a step-mother, where quarreling, boasting, and drinking are the only indoor sports, is not calculated to help Lucinda's already low estimate of marriage. The third matrimonial venture of her mother beggars all the others in sordidness. Deserted by a lover for whom she has divorced Shelby, Matalea, on the very edge of ruin, dashes into a bedside marriage with a wealthy old roué whom she optimistically imagines to be drawing his last breath. Far from it. His disreputable life drags on and with it Matalea, humiliated under his insults and tortured by his hideous temper. This is an unendurable climax for Lucinda, and when love comes to her she accepts it gallantly but refuses marriage, with results that occupy the remainder of the book.

The obvious flaw in Lucinda's thesis against marriage lies in the fact that in each of these particular failures the fault lay in the individuals and not in the institution. The one extra-legal alliance of her mother was as potent for misery as any of her three marriages, and it was only the legality of Matalea's hold on her third husband that saved her from what in a more reticent age would have been known as "the streets." The reappearance of Matalea at the end as the destroyer of Lucinda's little paradise misses the ironic touch which a more subtle handling might have given it and verges on the theatrical. These are minor criticisms, however, in the face of Lucinda, the reality by which the work is dominated.

Tales of the Orient

THE DANCING GIRL OF SHAMAKHA, AND OTHER ASIATIC TALES. By COUNT GOBINEAU. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

IN the midst of the Nineteenth Century's disturbed and yet determined conventionality, the significant power of Gobineau's ideas, still not fully appreciated, appeared even in this collection of short stories which represents the purely literary side of the man more distinctly than either of his previously translated works, "The Renaissance," and the introduction to that lengthy and undramatic historical drama, "The Golden Flower." Published in 1876, "Les Nouvelles Asiatiques" is the product of his long service as a diplomat in the East. When he was transferred to a lonely post at Stockholm following the Franco-Prussian War, the author completed this book, designed to illustrate the variety and inequality of the Asiatic spirit. In this way it is also the fruit of his life study,—race psychology—quite as much as the more weighty "Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines." A natural pessimist and a believer in the progressive downfall of man through miscegenation, he has adopted a light and sufficiently diverting irony in these criticisms of Persian and Caucasian life and character. There is a continual comparison with European standards that is as telling as it is deft.

Two stories deal with passionate devotion. The lovers of Kandahar are the objects of a ferocious vendetta, and in "The Illustrious Magicians" the hero comes very near death for a religious ideal. Both the proverbial fatality and the expected color of the Orient are present in these tales. The title story, on the other hand, is excessively romantic and yet unmoral, after the manner of Mérimée or Pierre Loti. It tells of the love of a native dancer for a European officer, and in spite of much fantastic detail and elaborate presentation of character it fails to make the impression of the satiric Persian "Tale of Gamber-Ali" and "The War of the Turkomans." The oriental roguery, the deliberate and mutually understood hypocrisies of these servants of Islam and Shah, and the unlikely backgrounds, are very charmingly done. Few writers, whether of fiction or travel books, have excelled, in any language, Gobineau's mastery of substance and style in these bright little pictures. Voltaire and

Illustration from "English Song Book," edited by Harold Scott (McBride).

Elinor Wylie compounded; the result is unmistakably right, what the French would certainly call "spirituelle." For some reason the sixth story, "La Vie de Voyage," is left out of this edition. It is perhaps the strongest of all, preaching a kind of wanderer's philosophy, and giving a clear insight into Gobineau's love of foreign scenes and his almost dangerous interest in foreign character and customs. The translation of these stories is also a trifle unfortunate, stiff, pedestrian, and not always clear. But it curiously enhances the naïve duplicity of the dialogue in the two Persian satires.

Gobineau, an intelligent and worldy man, profoundly French and profoundly aristocratic, diplomat, historian, scientist, called the French Nietzsche, the companion of de Tocqueville and Dom Pedro, has been the victim of a peculiar trick of fate. The resuscitation and present continuance of his fame is largely due to the approval of no less antithetical a personage than Richard Wagner. It is something of a relief, therefore, to see this less ponderous side of his nature, and not the heavily theoretical qualities idolized by the German Gobinistes. To read this book, for all that it may be the work of a man half prophet and half dilettante, is to recall his charm and insight as a writer, regardless of his influence upon the thought and literature of the last fifty years. Primarily the man of spirit, poet and scientist combined, he trod a dangerous but individual and interesting path. These stories, and the untranslated novel "Les Pléiades," served to lighten that path for him, and show him at his most optimistic, if not at his best. They should be received with some enthusiasm.

A Novelist Born

STARBRACE. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by CORNELIUS WEYGANDT
University of Pennsylvania

THE 'prentice work of the novelist born is very other than that of the writer with just one good story to tell. The latter often does that one story in his first novel, seldom later than his second; after that he will repeat himself or thin away to vacuity. Your novelist born, contrary-wise, is apt to err from very prodigality of material. His memory is so crowded with episodes and his mind is so peopled with characters that he hardly knows what story to write down first.

Such was the embarrassment of Sheila Kaye-Smith when she wrote her first novel, "A Tramping Methodist" (1908). That tale was filled with such a throng of characters that they almost jostled each other out of the story. Not that there was not plenty of story. There was. Scene after scene was piled full of incident. In her second story, "Starbrace," just reprinted in America from the first English edition of 1909, there is a like riot of incident, but character and episode are better subordinated to the plot. Miles Starbrace, the hero, does not stand out with the distinction of those later figures against the sky, Reuben Backfield and Joanna Godden, but he is, in his lesser way, a creation.

The son of a servant-maid and a gentleman, he begins life as a farm boy on the place to which his father is shepherd. Sir John Starbrace, who has disowned the boy's father, Gerald Starbrace, tries to reclaim Miles to gentility when he is nineteen. The methods of reclamation, through a conventional and unsympathetic clergyman, do not work out according to design. Miles turns on his tutor, strikes him down, and leaves him for dead. After a few days' wandering with his horse Pharisee, the boy falls in with a former neighbor of his, now on the roads, and becomes one of his band of highwaymen. This man, Michael Daunt, tells him that the Rev. Mr. Lewis is dead, and soon has Miles wholly in his power. Theo Straightway, the beloved of Miles from his young boyhood, tries to free him from his wild life, but her love is not great enough to save him. He is arrested and only his grandfather's influence prevents him from going to the scaffold. Thereafter he is broken-spirited. The end of the story is his death on the battlefield of Prestonpans. There Miles meets, riderless, his Pharisee, companion on many a hunt and "hold-up," mounts him, and gallops him into the wild Highlanders, who cut them both down.

"Starbrace" is not one of the better novels of Sheila Kaye-Smith, but it is worth reading for itself as well as because a distinguished writer wrote it. She has not, in "Starbrace," come into that mastery of detail of country life in Sussex that makes inevitable the comparison of her material with that of Hardy. Nor has she mastered the methods of presentation of Hardy. "Starbrace" is nearer akin to "Wuthering Heights" than to any of the Wessex novels. The cruelties that made monstrous the men that Emily Bronte imagined are not paralleled in "Starbrace," but there are cruelties that come out of a like obsession of terror.

As Miss Kaye-Smith says in her "foreword," "Starbrace" is the "work of a young girl, whose experience of life was small though her appetite for it was immense." She had read widely in Smollett, Fielding, and Defoe, "The Lives of the Highwaymen" and the Newgate Calendar, and Harrison Ainsworth; and out of her reading and out of her girlhood's knowledge of life in the byways of Kent and Sussex she made this turbulent book. Her lyric descriptions of the countryside have already that surety of phrase and that power of complete realization of mood that mark the work of her maturity. She knows her landscape if she has still much to learn of her people. "Starbrace" is 'prentice work, but the 'prentice work of one who was destined to mastery in the well trodden way of the realistic story of country life. "Starbrace" has in it the promise of "Sussex Gorse" and "Joanna Godden."

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Critical Essays

THE ENGLISH COMIC CHARACTERS. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by MILTON WALDMAN

Associate Editor, The London *Mercury*

ALMOST as old as the attempt to distinguish between good and bad literature is the effort to define good criticism, and the results have been equally inconclusive. To demand that criticism be definitive would frequently rule out Sainte-Beuve, Dr. Johnson, or Hazlitt; to insist that it be strictly logical would eliminate Coleridge, Pater, or Arnold. The attitude to masterpieces is as much a matter of the times as are our ethical or philosophic concepts. It seems to many of us that the late Dr. Bradley said the ultimate word on "Hamlet," but another generation may find his conclusions as absurd as we now find Goethe's.

With this in mind, I yet feel that Mr. Priestley has attained to something approaching the definitive in these essays on the great comic characters of English fiction. I know of no more profound, sympathetic, and understanding treatment of those two masterpieces of our humor, Falstaff and Micawber, or of the two slighter figures of Prince Seithenyn and Parson Adams.

Mr. Priestley came to his task equipped with almost all the necessary implements, a wide reading in comparative literature, subtle intuitions, and, best of all for this particular job, a genuine feeling for comedy. He is neither overawed by his characters, nor does he regard them as subjects for the microscope, scalpel, and lecture-room. One might easily visualize him swapping jokes with all of them in a wayside tavern. He understands these comedians so well because he is himself a genuine lover of comedy. His concluding remarks on this subject would seem to set forth his fundamental outlook on all literature:

> There is only one thing better than a story and that is—a character. A character is half-a-hundred stories at once . . . the source of endless fables; and it is something more, particularly if it is a comic character. The tragic characters can hardly be separated from their particular chronicles, for we envisage them in the awful light of their destiny and doom; but the great comic figures wanted out of their books, which are only so many introductions to them, for they are nothing if not children of freedom. . . . Their happy absurdities have added something to the whole flavor of our existence; these great fools, dissolving us into laughter, have touched our minds with the philosophy of their creators; leaving their company, the parlor door closed behind us, the tavern lights that illumined them now blurred in the wind and rain, we question the night, which has swallowed our last peal of laughter, more curiously, and await in a heightened mood of expectancy, the pageant and comedy of the approaching day . . . The humor of incident and situation that does not proceed from character, however artfully it may be continued, is at its best only an elaborate play, making a glitter and commotion on the surface of things. But the humor of character goes down and touches, surely but tenderly, the very roots of our common human nature.

And holding firmly to this point of view, he is enabled to observe his characters as human beings, and explain them to us with amazing penetration. Falstaff as the "clubbable" man, the immortal enemy of wives, because he is the wild-bird crying outside the domestic cage, the siren-song from the convivial circle, the tavern, and the club. He may stir the laughter of women, as the author so aptly explains, but they cannot help disliking him any more than men, unless completely ossified by rules and regulations, cannot help liking him, personifying, as he does, the supreme satisfaction of an impulse that cannot be denied without pain and loss; Micawber, whom life, with its bailiffs and prisons cannot touch, because he sees himself not the poverty-stricken debtor and incompetent procrastinator but "as the central and heroic figure in that amazing chronicle, The Life and Times of Wilkins Micawber, Lover, Husband, Father, Financier and Philosopher"; Prince Seithenyn "secure in the wisdom that years and the bottle and a conservative mind give a man," the drinker of genius, sailing "away to the Happy Isles on roaring but friendly seas of liquor"—my space will not permit me to extend this list of samples of the author's humorous and critical understanding, but as a general proposition I should say that when he is interested he is extraordinarily good.

He is not always so interested, however, nor could he be. The Shandys, Mr. Collins, and perhaps Parson Adams are not on the great comic level. Sterne and even Fielding put all they had in the window, and came perilously near making types rather than people. Uncle Toby and Parson Adams do not wander out of their books, I think, and hence might have been omitted from this one—they could have been well replaced from Chaucer, whom Mr. Priestley unfortunately overlooked.

Nine Women Poets

THE ESPALIER. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. New York: The Dial Press. 1925. $2.

THOSE NOT ELECT. By LÉONIE ADAMS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1925. $1.50.

PURITAN. By FISKE CONANT. New York: Harold Vinal. 1925.

HOMAGE AND VISION. By MARGARET CROSBY MUNN. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $2.

STOWAWAYS. By LÉONIE DAVIS COLLISTER. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. $2.

BLUE NORTHER. By THERESE LINDSEY. New York: Harold Vinal. 1925.

SPHINX OF FLIGHT. By MARION COUTHOUY SMITH. New York: Harold Vinal. 1925.

STARSHINE AND CANDLELIGHT. By SISTER MARY ANGELITA. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $1.25.

NEW YORK AND OTHER POEMS. By MARY DIXON THAYER. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HERE are ladies—and women—nine of them in fact—who prove, with varying success, how much modern poetry, especially lyrical verse, owes to the influence of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, and Elinor Wylie. Two of them prove something more; two of them, speaking in an idiom utterly their own, prove that there are notes, higher and lower in the poetic scale, which have never been sounded by the celebrated trio. These two are Sylvia Townsend Warner and Léonie Adams.

Miss Warner is a newcomer, a young Englishwoman, upon whose sharply turned lines the reader will pounce with the thrill of discovery. Unknown at present, Miss Warner will—unless her power diminishes incredibly—rank with the best of the newer writers; none of the recent Georgians displays as much verbal finesse and imaginative vigor. In a period of muddy subjectivism, her stripped objective poems shine with added brilliance. Miss Warner's technique recalls two of her more eminent countrymen: in her eerie, macabre vein (a tone of voice in which she is particularly happy) she recalls De la Mare; in the swift thrust of her needle-pointed satire she reminds us of Humbert Wolfe. But Miss Warner is by no means imitative. Greatly varied, her gift is unmistakably hers; she possesses a rich, oboe-like tone of voice which is dark but vivacious. "The Espalier" starts rather weakly, but soon one reaches those tense quatrains which show that the author is as adroit in her use of the legato line as in her employment of the staccato phrase. This is the shortest—though by no means the best—of her condensations:

OLD MAN
Reading in bawdy books
The old man sits.
De Sade plays Abishag
To his cold wits.

Under his bushy brows
His eyes are mild—
There's no more harm in him
Than in a child.

Possibly the most remarkable feature of Miss Warner's volume is her "country sentiment," which is never sentimental. Her bucolics are the very opposite of those produced by the pastoral Georgians. Here is no pretty prattle of blackbirds and buttercups; here, in such poems as "Black Eyes," "Farmer Maw," "Blue Eyes," and "Stock," is a hard humor, an almost coarse vitality. But to praise Miss Warner for her broad effects may lead the reader to underestimate her delicate ones. She can describe flowers

whose
Smooth flesh has learned to wear
The color of a bruise.

She can compose epigrams as edged as "Byron, 1924," "Grace and Good Works," and the five epitaphs which the anthologists will ransack. In "The Image" she can write a sequel to "Lord Randal" which is a worthy pendant to the old ballad. And the thrilling "Nelly Trim" is undoubtedly one of the noble poems of this generation, a poem which (like the longer "Peeping Tom") is both direct and mystical. If "The Espalier" contained nothing but these two poems, it would still have to be ranked among the year's best volumes of verse.

Léonie Adams's first volume belongs in this limited class. Where Miss Warner's poetry is full-throated and sharp, Miss Adams's is reticent and rounded. In the graver pieces one can detect a similarity in attitude though not in speech. Even here the difference is more noticeable than the kinship; Miss Warner is occasionally mystical, Miss Adams is consistently metaphysical. Yet even the most casual reading of "Those Not Elect" will reveal a vivid personality beneath the quiet-colored, low-toned felicities. A "first offering" worthy to stand beside Elinor Wylie's and Louise Bogan's, Miss Adams's verses win by their unaffected and almost solemn assurance. Her lines capture us without a shock; they do not startle, they remain.

Fiske Conant (who hitherto declared her sex by retaining Isabel as her first name) has much to say to us, but she lacks that individuality of utterance which is what attracts—and holds—us to those who wear their rhymes with a difference. Mrs. Conant has a keen eye but an uncertain communication; one admires her spirit even if one feels she misses distinction as a poetic reporter. Something seems to go wrong—or at least go flat—between impression and transmission. It is unfortunate that the lyrics are placed last, for the sonnets are the natural climax of "Puritan."

"Homage and Vision," by Margaret Crosby Munn, and "Stowaways," by Léonie Davis Collister, are full of the sort of verse which every writer has written and which even the reviewers have learned to whistle by heart. Mrs. Collister's is a posthumous collection of proper platitudes; the best of Mrs. Munn's are a few rhetorical sonnets, the worst are two attempts to "paraphrase" Walt Whitman by applying rhymes and iambic feet.

The remaining four volumes are no more exciting. "Blue Norther" is the most ingratiating of the quartet. If the author is as young as some of her stanzas indicate, she may have a future; if—But the business of the reviewer is to review, not to prophesy. "Sphinx of Flight" is not only drenched in a poetic diction, it is drowned in it. The devotional poems in "Starshine and Candlelight" are the expression of a sensitive and intense spirit. Occasionally these religious verses attain a lyrical clarity—which is more than can be said for Sister Angelita's secular poems. "New York" bears a triplicate jacket-salute by William Lyon Phelps, Thomas L. Masson, and Charles Wharton Stork. Mr. Stork, casting critical caution to the winds, declares, "She duplicates no one else and her place among our younger poets is unique." Nothing could be further from the fact. Miss Thayer has a tiny note which has been piped in exactly the same tepid twitter by a hundred other members of the singing sorority. For example:

O ecstasy to touch the wings
Of butterflies! To kiss
A violet's petals one by one
And breathe a flower's bliss!

The title-poem, which one might imagine is of different stuff, begins:

I am the City of Light!
I am the City of Darkness!
I am the City of Height!
I am the City of Starkness!

For the rest, Miss Thayer's volume is crowded with tributes to Spring, Pan, Paris, the Valley of Kings, Faith, Dreams, Tomorrows, and a Beauty capitalized on every other page.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Sound Economics

THE CASE OF BITUMINOUS COAL. By WALTON H. HAMILTON and HELEN R. WRIGHT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by REXFORD GUY TUGWELL
Columbia University

MR. HAMILTON is of a generalizing turn of mind. Whatever problem he analyzes reveals in his hands the whole of its general implications as well as its interior meaning. Unfortunately he writes little in an age which has incomparable need for wider wisdom. Economists are of course familiar with the articles he has published in their professional journals and some college students come to know him through the gleaming editorials in the book of readings he has gathered together. There is a wider audience of intelligent folk who ought to know him. Some have doubtless read his "Control of Wages," some will read this book of his concerning coal. But a rounded statement of his thinking is yet to be written. It is one of the curious limitations of an age of science such as ours that those persons in whom reside maturity of judgment, technical soundness, and brilliance of exposition, seldom come to the notice of those whose opinions ought to be molded in these forms.

This book, for instance, which presumably will be read almost exclusively by those who have something at stake in the coal industry, includes a most devasting analysis of our whole structure of industry which is of immediate interest to every citizen of the republic. The apparatus used for this purpose is interesting. There is first the ideal, the picture we carry of the functioning of economic forces; this is derived from a long experience with economic writers and statesmen who carry the picture in their minds. But clearly and luminously there is set off against this the reality of the working of the forces. Fact and fancy are juxtaposed. As one goes on from the opening chapters into the book he realizes that here is an epic contrast of ideal and reality. One comes to see that it is the confusion of the two which serves to defeat the purposes for which we have set up the complex institutions which support modern life. For the institutions function independently of our conception of their working. It needs clairvoyance to bring them into meaningful contrast.

* * *

Because we wish to believe it, we carry over from one age to another a belief in an ideal competition guiding us as an invisible hand might do to the proper arranging of the forces of production. Our determination to believe, causes the suppression of patent facts which refuse to fit into our preconceived categories. What is the consequence of most importance? Why, obviously, that we depend upon control of industry devised to fit an ideal functioning which does not now—and probably never did—exist. Our whole policy with respect to maintaining the public's rights in industry is made ludicrously ineffective because the kind of industry we assume to exist is a phantom of the idealizing mind. Coldly but inevitably Mr. Hamilton—associating with him Miss Wright—develops side by side the ideality and the reality with respect to one of our most basic industries. So that at least we know coal. But we see, too, that this is the method to pursue in other investigations; and we hazard the shrewd guess that the results will be similar. It is done with such a consummate mastery of the technique of the business and with such a plethora of facts that conclusions seem all but inevitable. And as the book goes along it suggests deftly again and again that public policy has failed because it has been beside the point, because it has operated ideally for an ideal situation.

This is not the place to review the facts concerning coal, nor to show how the industry's internal situation seems to stand. It must be sufficient to recommend the analysis and the conclusions to all who have an interest of a special sort in coal. What seems much more important and more necessary is to call the attention of people who may not know them to the economists of the new generation, among whom Mr. Hamilton is an outstanding figure. These new economists, no less than Mr. Lippman and Mr. Beard in other fields, have learned valuable lessons from Dewey, Freud, Veblen, and Patten. Their audience is out of all reason small compared with the dynamic forces they have undertaken to make manifest to democratic America. For it is only by a calculated operation of real controls for real situations that we can eventually regain the mastery of forces which menace our haphazard world. Getting a living and using it still condition the lives of most of us. No activity can be of more importance than that of improving these basic functions of our society. The younger economists, with their disillusion, their scientific skepticism, their willingness to work in new modes for new ends are in the midst of the effort. But they badly need an audience.

Industrial Society

AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE. By REXFORD GUY TUGWELL, THOMAS MUNRO, and ROY E. STRYKER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $4.50.

Reviewed by NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD
Department of Agriculture

NOT many years ago economics was as full of theory as mediæval theology, and as replete with definitions as formal logic. Science was just then in the saddle in academic circles. Every professor, whether teaching Sanskrit or butter making, was anxious to prove that he was master of a science. The easiest way to prove it was to construct an array of definitions, theories, and categories, quite unintelligible to the average reader. Laws were formulated and handed down with all the finality of a University of Mount Sinai. It is conceivable that an exceptional student might apply this system to actual, concrete situations, but for the average boy or girl economics and a score of other subjects existed in a vacuum. After hearing much argument, the students came out at the same door wherein they went.

Two groups have striven—with considerable success—to keep economics "the dismal science" that it has been called: the academic-minded, who thank God for subjects that can never be of use to anybody; and the supporters of the *status quo*, who know that theories are safe so long as they are never applied. It takes courage to bait the Babbitts and the pundits with one book. This Professor Tugwell and his associates have done in writing a work on economics that starts, not with theory or history or the world in general, but with actual contemporary conditions here in the United States. They got one reaction before they published the book: many educators whom they consulted "doubted whether it would be valuable, or even possible, for teachers and students to hunt out and come to grips with the roots of modern problems." Well, if this is not valuable or possible, what is education for? Why not close up the colleges and transfer the award of football letters and fraternity pins to convenient roadhouses?

I am confident, however, that teachers and students can get at the roots of modern problems, and that a first-class start in that direction has been made by "American Economic Life." The book is full of facts, and facts are the first essential. The wealth per capita in various countries, the relationship between income and diet and clothing, the work done by farm women, the articles of food eaten by a family on the level of "minimum health and decency," the sources of personal incomes in the United States, the dates of engineering inventions, real wages in the United States since 1820, the relation of labor income to the size of a farm, the power resources of the world, a comparison of Diesel and steam engines, the proportion of workers employed by corporations, the joint interests of the packers, the local concentration of industries from collars to steel, civic expenditures for education and recreation, the growth in membership of the American Federation of Labor, statistics of coöperative societies in the United States and abroad—these are but instances casually selected from the mass of data presented by the authors. In the two fields with which I am specifically familiar—agriculture and publishing—the material given in the book is, for the most part, accurate, though in the case of farming the facts underlying recurrent depressions are largely overlooked, while in discussing the local country press the authors offer chiefly erroneous opinion instead of authenticated facts. I infer that in dealing with other fields the authors likewise miss the mark occasionally, but not often.

From the facts the authors proceed inductively to tentative conclusions, which they offer for the consideration of the reader. They seek constantly, however, to maintain the experimental attitude, making it evident that any solution is good only if it works. The authors see clearly not only the facts of economic life in America, but the essential problems flowing from these facts. Levels of living, both rural and urban, are adequately presented. The authors frankly recognize that poverty is not only widely prevalent, but cumulative, in both country and city. They recognize likewise that "in America, at least, the part played by people born to riches in the country's creative thought, its music, painting, literature, and science, is negligibly small. One must look far to find among them an instance of constructive, unselfish statesmanship." The good life, they wisely conclude, is to be found, as a rule, merely at the comfort level.

The fundamental economic problem, therefore, is to raise the levels of living so that the entire population shall be, if possible, on a comfort level. To this end they suggest no single means. Efficient production, the just apportionment of income, the rational use of income, and schemes for social reorganization, all have their parts.

The clearness of the authors' thinking is illustrated in their discussion of making goods and making money, and their conclusion that "the whole idea of producing in response to exchangeable value is contrary to the interests of the masses."

Naturally they give a high place to the engineer in industry:

> The engineer is the technician of industry. He is interested in the smooth and continuous operation of its forces and any interruption of operation throws his whole scheme out of balance and ruins the delicate interrelationships of the functioning parts of his going system. These considerations are a very minor matter to the business man as such, except as they affect costs perhaps, and so profits. He is interested mainly in the financial difference that exists between these costs and the total income from sales, and, as we have said, this interest is often best served by the stoppage of the plant and the cutting down of production, rather than by the development of the greatest efficiency possible and turning out the greatest product that the machines and fatcories under his control will manage.

* * *

The apportionment of income is placed on a similarly sound basis for discussion. Pointing out that the acquiring of wealth depends in large part on luck, the authors do not ask: "Who deserves or has a right to the greatest incomes?" but rather: "What are the probable results of allowing one man or one group to have so much, and another man or group to have so much?"

The viewpoint of the book, as will perhaps by now be obvious, is liberal, though not of that common brand of liberalism which settles all questions on the basis of a vague humanitarian philosophy. It is liberal in that it views facts in the light of the present and not of the past, as does the conservative, or of the distant future, as does the radical. Like liberals generally, the authors are somewhat more optimistic than seems to be justifiable. They overlook, to a considerable extent, the psychological difficulties in the way of establishment of the good life. It is repeatedly true, as Shelley remarked a century ago, that "man, having enslaved the elements, is himself a slave," and this is due almost always to the fact that our material improvements outrun our intellectual and spiritual capacity to use them. The level of human intelligence is still low, and humanity is still governed by taboos and fears.

The book was written primarily as a text for part of a course entitled, "An Introduction to Contemporary Civilization," given at Columbia College. To students in such realistic courses, offered in a few educational institutions, as well as to thoughtful readers, "American Economic Life" will prove exceedingly useful. What is needed further to make such courses of the greatest usefulness is a group of similar works, one or two dealing with the physical and biological sciences, another with the arts. The former need is met somewhat inadequately, the latter not at all, though it is of vast importance. Man lives by the arts as much as by the natural sciences or by the social sciences. A proper balancing of the three is essential to a clear understanding of present-day civilization.

A life of Mr. John Singer Sargent, by Mr. Evan Charteris, Q. C., is in preparation and will, it is hoped, be published in the course of the year 1926. Mr. Richard W. Hale, of 60 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, Mr. Sargent's executor in America, requests any who have letters written by Mr. Sargent, or other material illustrating his life, to communicate with him and particularly to supply letters, to be copied and returned.

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Machine, Law, and Medicine

OUROBOROS: THE MECHANICAL EXTENSION OF MANKIND. By GARET GARRETT. TODAY AND TOMORROW SERIES: New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $1.

LYCURGUS: THE FUTURE OF LAW. By S. S. P. HAYNES. The same.

PYGMALION: THE DOCTOR OF THE FUTURE. By R. M. WILSON. The same.

Reviewed by E. C. LINDEMAN
New York School of Social Work

EVERY scientist has at least one fervid prophecy struggling for release—just as every notable personage must have his or her flaming secret—now that we have learned from the Freudians how suppressions wither the soul, confessions and prophecies flood the land. It was bound to happen, particularly among tender-minded Anglo-Saxons who have consistently pretended to more goodness and exactness than they really possessed and we may as well make the most of it. Indeed the editors of the Today and Tomorrow Series purpose to do more; they, it seems, propose to convert the current psychological mood into an exciting publishing venture. And success in uncommon proportions is their reward.

Machines, Laws, and Medicine: Whither? With respect to the first, Mr. Garrett is a pessimist; to the second, Mr. Haynes is a slightly discouraged optimist; and to the third, Mr. Wilson a thoroughgoing messenger of hope. Does the sequence of graded faith have meaning? Perhaps not, other than the clue it gives to the temperamental dispositions of our three authors. Mr. Garrett is afraid of machines—hence Ouroboros, the fabulous snake that swallowed its own tail. These machines, "typhonic, mindless organisms, exempt from the will of nature" seem somehow to have got us in spite of the fact that our minds brought them into being. They go on producing more things than we need; they obey laws all their own, the essence of which is over-production. Like the robots in Capek's play these instruments of industry have gone beyond our control. They may destroy us. In sharp staccato rhythms, Mr. Garrett makes us feel the impending catastrophe. "What is it you will fear? That you will be unable to sell away the surplus product of your machines? That industry will be unable to make a profit? No. The fear is that you will starve."

Well, this leaves me still unafraid but sorely perplexed. I am still more deeply concerned about man's inhumanity to man than I am about the possible evils machines may bring to man. Mr. Garrett unhappily disbelieves in logic; this, no doubt, accounts for the fact that he can in the same essay ascribe superhuman power to machines and affirm his belief in a law of human progress. It also explains his frequent use of mixed metaphors in which, for example, commerce is endowed with vital instincts, machines become organisms, and symbiosis is the prescribed remedy for industrial selfishness. But this book should be read, especially by the owners and controllers of machines. It may not cure their disease but it will at least frighten them with a bold array of symptoms. And they need to be frightened.

The law, if we are to believe the author of "Lycurgus," is superior to law-makers. Being an Englishman, Mr. Haynes brings this hypothesis to the sheltering wings of a principle, which is: "In all legislation, as in litigation, there is a struggle between the issue and the process. The layman wants to simplify the law, the lawyer wants to simplify the facts." A biting scorn he heaps upon those who render the law a confusion worse confounded, ignorant parliaments and "laymen who enjoy the pompous verbosity of a memorandum." This sounds rather strange to the layman who has all along suspected that the confounded confusion of legalism was a part of the lawyer's stock in trade. But Mr. Haynes may be right; at any rate, he makes it clear that lawyers and the Catholic Church are the only remaining agencies willing to do battle on behalf of personal liberties. *They*, at least, are not responsible for the Prohibition Act! Mr. Haynes, in fact, seems to agree with Dicey in thinking that law might be lucid and good if there were no statutes. He is, nevertheless, at bottom a warm-hearted Nineteenth Century liberal ("The Victorian ideal of liberty is dead and no other ideal has yet come to life") who still retains faith in the efficacy of reform.

On the positive side, he predicts, among other things, expert legal draftsmen for parliaments, decentralization or localization of law, increased control of tyrannous groups (trade unions and corporations), divorce by consent, and uniform tests for residence. His hopes are none too high, however. Increasing specialization is likely to go forward with consequently high costs for legal services. And how can an English humanist do more than hope for the best while obliged to witness the "increasing Americanization of Great Britain," that inexorable force which is determined to wipe away all vestiges of a period "when a man could call his soul his own"? This attitude is appropriate to one who should be designated discouraged optimist. And suspended optimism is probably the mood which harmonizes best with the intellectual temper of our time.

Although the Today and Tomorrow books are small, the one named "Pygmalion" might have been smaller. Dr. Wilson, like so many one-idea men, overworks his idea. He insists that symptoms are not signs of disease but rather reactions to life. Illustration: a man with a pain in his stomach goes to a doctor who gives him medicine calculated to ease the pain. Nothing happens. Later, the patient has his eyes attended to. Behold, the pain disappears from the stomach. In this case the nervous system, reacting to unusual stimuli brought on by eye-defect, manifested its abnormal response in the area of the stomach. Diagnostic procedure is limited and awkward by reason of the physician's narrow interpretation of symptoms. This is, no doubt a sound principle. It is in harmony with the more recent tendencies in biology and physiology, tendencies which indicate that the total organism is more significant than any of its parts. Many of us have long ago suspected that our physician's diagnoses consisted largely of a process of eliminating bad guesses. We shall hope that they at any rate will take Dr. Wilson's principle seriously. What he says about extreme specialism among men of medicine is also pertinent. And when he speaks of the doctors of the future as cultured humanists, ripened intellectualists, and lovers of the arts and sciences, I for one, am moved to applaud. Consideration of his more rhapsodic phrases in which probability is lost to view, I leave to less gentle critics.

The publishing house of Albert & Charles Boni is offering a prize for the best novel of Negro life written by a man or woman of Negro descent. The judges in the contest are Henry Seidel Canby, W. E. B. Du Bois, Charles S. Johnson, James Weldon Johnson, Edna Kenton, Laurence Stallings, and Irita Van Doren.

To the author who the judges decide has written the best novel of Negro life, Messrs. Albert and Charles Boni will pay outright as a prize $1,000 in addition to its usual terms of royalty, which will be arranged with the author.

The terms of the contest follow:

1. The author must be of Negro descent.

2. The novel must deal with Negro life in the sense that one or more of its leading characters must be of Negro descent and its action must show the influence of this fact.

3. Only manuscripts of unpublished works, submitted to Albert & Charles Boni before September 1, 1926, and accompanied by the declaration of the author that the manuscript is submitted in competition for the prize will be considered.

4. All manuscripts submitted in competition must be offered to Albert & Charles Boni, Inc., for publication on terms to be arranged between the author and publisher. The successful work shall be chosen from among those manuscripts accepted by Albert & Charles Boni, Inc., for publication and the prize shall be in addition to and independent of the royalty to be arranged for in the usual way.

5. No manuscript containing less than 30,000 words will be considered as a novel for the purpose of this competition, and preference will be given in general to works of full novel length.

6. Albert & Charles Boni, Inc., will use all reasonable care to pass promptly on manuscripts submitted in competition for this prize and to return those found unavailable for publication, but they shall not be responsible for manuscripts lost in transit.

7. The decision of the judges shall be accepted on all questions of eligibility or interpretation of the rules, and their award shall be final.

8. The award will be made and publicly announced as soon as possible after the close of the competition, and not later than January 2, 1927.

Notes on Sitting in Corners

THE world would come to an end if each one of us suddenly began to see himself as one of a crowd—and that a funny crowd. To be sure, we most of us intend to surprise, impress, and even amuse, but only within narrow limits. We all intend to be seen as Ones, not as crowds; all our details of personality are arranged to be seen individually. It is not fair—it is unbearable—that you should sit in a corner and see me out of focus—see, in fact, not Me but Us. Watchful sitters-in-corners are to be profoundly distrusted; we all aspire to be ourselves the only licensed sitters-in-corners. Every crowd is a funny crowd, and our precarious dignity depends on the certainty that no crowd includes *us*. The more remote a crowd is from the disagreeable possibility of being found to include *us*, the funnier is that crowd. Hence in every land all foreigners are more or less funny. The words *foreigners* and *natives* are but names for crowds that never come too close to us. As words they ring faintly with a cadence that suggests the secret smile of a sitter in a corner.

Faces are funny—there is no getting over that. One face may seem tragic or beautiful, two may seem romantic, but a hundred faces spell a hundred astonishments or smiles to the sitter in a corner. The sitter in the corner sits behind his own face, which, he fondly believes, is a dignified, normal, and completely funny face—and looks at the crowd, and it seems to him that man, collectively speaking, is made in the image of a joke. Every man, shooting barbed, discreet smiles from behind the frail defense of his own face, demolishes the dignity of his kind.

* * *

Alas for us, we give ourselves away. We keep our skeletons outside our cupboards. Outside ourselves we hang these little creased queer veils, our faces, that are so easy to smile at, so easy to criticize, that are such defenseless targets for the sitter in a corner who cannot see our warm sensitive beating hearts, our loves, our terrors, our moralities, our honesties, and all our justifications. For only our secret shut-away selves can ever achieve a corner to sit in. Our bodies are fatally, incurably gregarious. Our bodies are cursed by a spell which drives them in ridiculous herds before one another's cold eyes.

Sitters-in-corners are divided into kings and pretenders, which is perhaps another way of saying cynics and romantics. The king, the cynic, is safe. He is the only really safe creature in the world. To him a crowd can never conceivably include himself; his corner is his undisputed heritage, secure from invasion; he can never be called upon to abdicate his throne, nor has he any treacherous inner voice which questions his divine right to watch without being watched.

The pretender, the romantic, is in far more perilous case. Uneasily he sees ghosts of himself in the cruelly funny procession of mankind; his angle of view gives him glimpses of other watchful eyes, other secretly occupied corners; sometimes he strays from his corner, escapes from his tottering throne, and finds himself a unit in the comic and democratic caravan of mankind, wending across a desert that has no thrones, pent in by infinite horizons that afford no corners. . . .

* * *

For this poor pretender, conscious of an insecure claim, the ideal furniture for a corner is a friend or, failing a friend, a devotee. The funniness of the crowd, which can somehow be subtly transmuted into reviving incense in the nostrils of the tottering sitter-in-the-corner, is doubly potent when shared. The safest corners are made for two. Men's eyes have been endowed with a saving adaptability of vision, and the world is travelled by countless knights-errant, visitors in corners not their own, altruists who for friendship's sake will temporarily forego their right to a throne, centres who can decentralize themselves. They visit in our corners, they share our smiles, they turn their eyes upon our crowd. They may harbor what visions they can, they may say what they will—but they must see what we see and, though they may smile at us, they must not smile behind their hands, for that is a smile

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reserved for the undoing of the crowd. They must see our heaven and our hell, not with our eyes but with their own. While they visit us they must enjoy those aspects of the crowd that are peculiar to our corner; their sight, while it may give birth to dreams differing from ours, must not fundamentally give ours the lie. And all our crowd's manifestations, from a row of false teeth to a broken heart, must be within their range of vision.

We pay these friends the compliment of detaching them from the queer crowd, of promoting them to the position of licensed fellow-sitters-in-corners. We go and pay return visits in their corners now and then, and adjust our sight to their alien perspectives as best we may. And so they save us from loneliness and we call them friends.

Devotees are different. They have no corners; by some curious miscalculation, this great house we live in has been provided with an insufficiency of corners. And so devotees come into our corners as slaves; they devote their strength to our support, their eyes to our dreams, their hearts to our comfort. There is no gratification, so the moralists say, in a slave's devotion. Yet if the little tawdry plaster gods in our village temple tell me they don't care for the smell of joss-sticks lighted by slaves—I for one shall not believe them.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

When the sitter-in-a-corner whispers, "Oh my *dear*, do look at that Perfect Fright with a Nose like a White Rat, got up complete with binoculars and camera as the Perfect Lady Abroad," she does so because she wants to be assured by her companion's—"Oh my *dear*, isn't she a *Scream*!" that she, the sitter-in-a-corner, is safe in possession of her place apart, that her nose is simply a *nose* without any rodent associations, and that though she may be festooned with cameras and binoculars, she looks like the thing she really is—a dignified female traveller, travelling.

We, sitting in a neighboring corner, overhear her strictures on the Perfect Lady—(who is perhaps our aunt)—and mutter to our own devotee—"Listen to that Spiteful Cat." But really she is nothing but a mouse, poor thing, looking for a safe hole.

The pretender who cannot sufficiently buttress up his secret throne with lovers and friends, would do well to keep a diary. A diary—even an unsentimental, cruelly honest diary—is a kind of home-made lover. In his diary, though he may not be justified, he is always forgiven; though he may not be admirable, he is always central. His diary cedes to him the right to reign in his world, to be enthroned in his corner. His world has a sufficient population—a population of One. That One may be admittedly a poor thing, but at least it is blessedly alone, alone in a crowd of ghosts. The ghosts in the diarist's world cannot shake his courage, he looks at them but they cannot look at him; he is revenged upon the cruel queer crowds outside; his accusers are gagged at last.

Diaries are like dreams, an inward consolation to the outwardly humiliated. In dreams, in diaries, we may be wicked, we may be false, we may be utterly cast down. But our wickedness has a wild reasonableness that we may recognize without explaining, our falsity has a secret truth, the hand that cast us down is our hand. And through all our climbs and falls, in diaries and in dreams, we are at least interesting—we are acknowledged individuals—above all, we are *never* funny. Funniness, in the destructive sense, is always confined to crowds. We have all kinds of euphemisms for our own funniness, even if we suspect remotely that it exists. According to our varying degrees of vanity, we consider ourselves whimsical, original, irresponsible, eccentric, inarticulate, misunderstood, ineffectual, homely. . . . But the very humblest of our euphemisms only poses us in relation to the contemptible and unperceiving crowd. We admit that the crowd may overlook us, may hate us, may even smile behind its hand at us. We may even admit that its ignorance, its hatred, and its smile may be superficially justified. But we know—we *know* that our *selves* are never funny. The only funny thing that the sitter-in-the-corner never sees is his own soul. His corner commands no view of that. He can only feel his own heart, hot with a terrible importance, beating in his breast. He may tear himself to pieces with his sneers, but his soul is safe from him. Self-convicted of funniness, he would wither like a flower in the flames.

STELLA BENSON.

The BOWLING GREEN

Henry Holt

OBVIOUSLY the fitting tributes to that great gentleman, philosopher, and publisher, Henry Holt, will be paid by those who knew him closely; but I cannot refrain from recalling the thrill it was when I saw him for the first time, about the end of 1912. Partly because at school and college I had used so many books marked with the little owl of his firm, and partly because, to a youth speiring hopefully on the doorstep of the publishing business he was so plainly one of the dwellers on Olympus, I was filled with that tingling bashful excitement which is an excellent thing in young men. I can see him still as he was that evening—over seventy even then; the tall handsome figure, the fine grey head, the keen, quizzical, humane, and high-minded face; moving in evening dress in a roomful of people with some indescribable authority and charm that made the stranger instantly want to know who that was. I am just a little proud that of the very few times—perhaps half a dozen altogether—that I have deliberately asked anyone to autograph a book, his "Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor" was one of them. He signed a copy for me last year, and I treasure it.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

It was a chance remark of Daniel Coit Gilman, then librarian at Yale, that turned young Henry Holt toward publishing. Gilman said "If you find on a book the imprint of Ticknor and Fields it is probably a good book." This impressed Henry Holt with the idea that it would be a worthy ambition to have the same thing sayable of himself. It became equally true of his own imprint; and he chose Ticknor and Fields' successors (the Houghton Mifflin Company) as publishers of his own writings. Mr. Holt's career as a publisher, and the vigorous ethics of that career, have been certainly one of the heartening things to contemplate. Looked at from below, by men half a century his junior, he seems to have been so delightful a mixture of the radical free-thinker and the "old-fashioned" cultivated gentleman. There seemed to be, even for a young observer who saw him only a few times, absolutely nothing to be done about him but to love him. When someone said of St. Gaudens "His face looks as if he had made it himself," Holt replied "Of course! Everybody's does." Certainly that was true of him, for his whole bearing was so expressive of a generous, sensitive, and fearless spirit.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Those who knew him will honor themselves by recalling his virtue as a man and his honor as a publisher; all I have any right to do is give you a taste of his busy mind by quoting a few passages from his "Garrulities." It is a book full of charming crotchets and many matters for possible disagreement, but it is one of the perfect autobiographies because it gives the very form and pressure of its author's temperament.

To what was due the astounding vitality, intellectual as well as physical, of the ancient Greeks? Obviously, for one thing, it had to be paid for by the enslavement of enough aliens to make the effective Greeks a leisured class. But they used to *sprawl* more than any civilized people does now. We sit on chairs, and not even at table on easy ones, but bolt upright. The Greeks used to sprawl on couches.

In confirmation of the foregoing I have learned since it was written that the best preserved old man I know always has done a great deal of sprawling, especially after exercise.

Pardon my taking the liberty of saying that you are apt to live longer if, when bedtime comes, you say your prayers. Whether you're a Thibetan with a praying machine, or a Catholic with a rosary, or a Jew groveling before the vindictive tyrant you've set up in your temple, or a Protestant given to the public recitation of monstrous creeds you don't believe, and begging for things you know no begging will ever bring; or whether you're an humble searcher in the new mysteries of energy and soul, the quiet meditative hours of the night are better for communion with the gods, than are the jocund hours of the morning.

I place the ordinary literary immortality at not over twenty-five years after the author passes on. From, say, 1850 to 1900 I must have known personally half a dozen American authors whose names were in everybody's mouth. Bryant and Mark Twain are the only ones of them that I hear mentioned now. The others that I recall at the moment are Stedman, Stoddard, Paul Ford, Frank Stockton, Howells, John Hay, and Warner. No one but us old people knows now that John Hay wrote "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches." Then a few of the great Boston group survive in men's memories, but I don't know how many read them—or read anything but the Sunday newspapers.

The one crying social need of America is cultivated men of leisure. Beyond commuting distance from home, it is next to impossible to get up a dinner party, with the sexes balanced: every man, hardly excepting men of fortune, is almost required by public opinion to be at work in some money-making pursuit.

All those old publishers [he is speaking of publishing in the '70's]—Putnam, Appleton, Harper, and Scribner—were incapable of petty or ostentatious things, and were much more inclined to friendly coöperation and mutual concession than to barbarous competition. The spectacle of a crowd of other men making fools of themselves exercised upon them no temptation to do as the herd did. No one of them, or of a few more, would go for another's author any more than for his watch; or, if he had got entangled with another's author through some periodical or other outside right, would no more hold on to him than to the watch if the guard had got caught on a button. They were wonderfully kind to me as a young fellow, and their kindness and example have been of inestimable value all my life. Those men were born in a less blatant, less extravagant, and therefore less competitive age.

When the plates of Taine's "English Literature" were in the custom house, and I had to raise money to pay duty on them, I cursed the whole transaction. It turned out my first important business success.

The day when "The Home Book of Verse" was published, I would have sold out of it for twenty-five cents on the dollar.

The brushing up of wits that has so much to do with the dialogues of Socrates, is inherent to the dinner party, and is absent from cold-water feasts. Of them the kind gods have saved me from all but very few, and they were dismal affairs. Wine maketh glad the heart of man, and the hearts there were not glad. Where Prohibition prevails, if it does anywhere, groups of people may eat together, but they will not constitute dinner parties. Yet in America dinner parties have been largely wiped out by people who never saw one, or ever heard of those which were among the most important occurrences in history.

I would rather part with consciousness than with the faith that this life is but a culture-bed whence we are transplanted into a better and fuller life, where we will have free exercise and development for such capacities of knowing and thinking and loving as we are wise enough to develop here.

Reverence for the creeds is developing a great many people into liars.

The best solvent for questions of duty that I have been able to find, is to consider what would be the result of a given policy if it were followed by everybody under similar circumstances.

What usually passes for love is a desire for a beautiful member of the opposite sex to amuse oneself with.

There is only one virtue which cannot be carried to an extreme; that is temperance—the virtue placed at the summit by even the passionate Greeks, who perhaps knew it least, and therefore gave it a scarcity value.

I never hear "Sartor Resartus" mentioned now. When I was young, it was the salvation of most of the young men who did any thinking. But their troubles were different from those of the young people now.

There ought to be no difficulty, though some is alleged, in deciding what is not proper to literature. Obviously, the functions of the body which even savages consign to privacy, are not fit subjects for literature, nor is any allusion to them which is avoided in polite society. They are germane to science, but certainly not to art.

I have seldom used tobacco to excess. I never smoked before I was six years old, and thence only at rare intervals until I was nearly eleven.

Unwise eating has more to do with the dumps than most folks realize. Don't try to reason them away, but divert your mind. If you can't do it, seek outer diversion—go to see the best woman you know outside of home, or if you can't do better, play solitaire.

There is one interesting observation that occurs to the reader of Mr. Holt's "Garrulities." Occasionally nowadays you hear Americans murmur a little because so much of our literary activity consists of making fortunes for British authors. It should be remembered that American publishing when Holt began, sixty years ago, still consisted very largely of the plunder of British authors who were unprotected by copyright. It was Mr. Holt who, with other honorable colleagues, was active in pioneering the notion that even a British author deserves his royalties.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A Memorial Meeting to Ladislas Reymont was recently held under the auspices of the American Center of the P. E. N. Club. Among the speakers were Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, the Honorable John Ciechanowski, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary of the Republic of Poland, Rupert Hughes, A. Morawski-Nawench, and Mark Van Doren.

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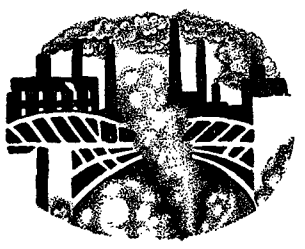

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Books of Special Interest

Fables and Poems

BEN JONSON. Edited by C. H. HERFORD and PERCY SIMPSON. Vols. I and II. The Man and His Work. Oxford University Press. 1925. $14.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE
Yale University

GENERAL satisfaction must be felt that this long-awaited edition of Ben Jonson is now so prosperously under way. The two volumes of prolegomena, dealing with "The Man and His Work," augur well for the eight volumes of text and commentary which are in prospect. The delicate matter of adjusting the responsibilities of the two collaborating editors seems to have been happily managed with results very creditable to both. The precise contributions of each are not, and perhaps could not be, specifically indicated, but a paragraph in the Preface permits the inference that the planning and phrasing throughout the Life of Jonson and the special introductions to the plays, masques, and poems are mainly the work of Professor Herford, while the bulk of the heavy bibliographical and textual labor has been borne by Mr. Simpson.

The life of Jonson, with which the first volume opens, is commendably moderate in manner as in length. In less than 130 pages it gives a perspicuous and fair account of the man. Few words are wasted or inharmoniously applied, though one might cavil at the intrusion of the pre-Jonsonian vice of "hunting the letter" ("that absurd following of the letter," says Campion in 1602, "so much of late affected, but now hissed out of Paul's Churchyard") in the sentence which ends with the picture of Elizabethan writers making songs and romances "as they sped through the swirl of Atlantic surges on the sleuth of the Spanish treasure-fleet," or, having been informed on page 108 that Milton's "Comus" is "an implicit tribute to the master of masque-makers," one might be surprised to be reminded four pages later that the appearance of "Comus" "is a remarkable though wholly undesigned tribute to the great master of the masque."

The acceptance of "Troilus and Cressida" as Shakespeare's "purge" to Jonson shows undue deference, I think, to the authority of Fleay and Small. It is hard to make out a parallel between Jonson in 1602 and Shakespeare's stupid, elephantine Ajax, and the identification is rendered doubly doubtful by the fact that the "purge" referred to by the Cambridge writer in question was certainly found in some acted or published work. "Troilus" was not published till seven years later, and may never have been acted in Jonson's lifetime: that it could have made Jonson "bewray his credit" as early as 1602 is nearly impossible. Another old identification accepted by the editors is that of Dekker with the "shabby and foul-mouthed" Anaides in "Cynthia's Revels." The assumption will hardly bear close scrutiny: shabby Dekker unquestionably was, but foul-mouthed is an epithet difficult to fix upon him. I think Professor Herford yields, as he rarely does, to partisanship when he says "Dekker is not to be trusted far when he speaks of Jonson, but his abusive stories and allusions are not to be set aside as inventions because they were *malicious*. They are not witty nor humorous in themselves." One is here, of course, in the province of personal feeling; but, judged in the light of Jonson's contributions to the "war of the theatres" I do not find the allusions to Jonson in "Satiromastix" either abusive, malicious, or lacking in wit and humor.

A bibliographical error is involved in the mention of Chapman's version of "the *first* seven books of the 'Iliad'," and an error of definition in calling Campion "the blank verse classicist," unless blank verse is used in an unusual sense. Jonson's patron is misnamed the *Duke* of Newcastle, and the dramatist Field, by an error of long standing, is miscalled Nathaniel. Shakespeare's Jaques, in "As You Like It" (as Professor Phelps has already pointed out), has his name twice misspelled. Mr. Simpson's explanation of the mysterious phrase "Parabostes Pariane" in Drummond's Conversations as meaning that Jonson had translated a madrigal of Parabosco from the Italian seems overbold in view of Drummond's express assertion that Jonson "neither doth understand French nor Italian;" and it is hardly legitimate, after hazarding so purely conjectural an interpretation of the crux, to use it again as a ground for the remark that "Drummond's statement that Jonson did not understand Italian seems to need some qualification."

Important new biographical material is offered by Mr. Simpson in the second and third Appendices. Most noteworthy are three new letters of Jonson, from a manuscript in the possession of Mr. W. A. White of Brooklyn, dealing with the poet's imprisonment for "Eastward Ho" (1605); an interesting letter of Jonson's old age to Sir Robert Cotton; and his deposition in the Roe vs. Garland chancery suit in 1610. Almost equally new are the papers (discovered in 1921) dealing with the recusancy of Jonson and his wife.

The Introductions to Jonson's various works are generally as shrewd as they are learned. They bring out, among many other essential matters, the Bourbonism of Jonson's mind ("Jonson neither learnt nor forgot," II. 122); his essential originality, even when making his closest studies of classical sources in "Sejanus" and "Catiline;" and the high artistry of which he was capable in such irregular plays as "Bartholomew Fair" and "The Staple of News." It may be felt that the editors do protest too much in repeatedly calling attention to Jonson's inferiority to Shakespeare. To show that "Julius Caesar" is a better play than "Sejanus," "Henry V" than "Catiline," or "The Tempest" than "Bartholomew Fair" was hardly worth the pains, unanswerably though the points are made. The differences in degree of merit between Jonson and Shakespeare are obscured by the more essential differences in kind, and efforts at comparative appraisal do not much help the reader of either. Except in a merely historical sense, Shakespeare and Jonson were not of one age; but both, in their different ways, were for all time.

Woman and Poet

DIARY AND LETTERS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Selected and Edited by CHRISTINA HOPKINSON BAKER. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. $4.50.

Reviewed by DAISY NEUMANN

TO those of us who had not the good fortune to walk through the little white gate that leads to The Piper's House and know the beauty that clung about the poet who lived there, Mrs. Baker has made some amends. She has compiled a book that is a wide-open gate to the personality of Josephine Preston Peabody.

One could not have read "Marlowe," or "The Piper," or her poems without having a desire to know the artist, so starlike a personality beckons through the printed words. For in addition to the beauty of thought and expression, there is shot through her works a strong emotion treating of the universal needs and joys and sufferings of men. This emotion, being universal, never descends to little-minded sentimentality, but often is surprisingly eloquent of our own undefined experiences.

Now that the unquenchable spirit in her works is all that lives of Josephine Preston Peabody, we are glad for this vivid picture of her through the "Diary and Letters." The collection has been wisely made so as to show her development, her method of working, her courage in overcoming obstacles, and her strength, of which she gave lavishly to every cause and creature who had need of it.

She surrounded herself with myths and charms and little mystical joys as a refuge from the poverty of her earlier life. With delights of her own making she stilled the hunger for spiritual and intellectual stimulus. She found in living a tremendous joy. Even her home-duties, her writing, and efforts in various reform movements did not repress the child-like love of the whimsical.

We cannot be grateful enough for Mrs. Baker's book. To have met in her "Diary and Letters" so sparkling a creature, so great-hearted a woman, and so eloquent a poet as Josephine Preston Peabody is to be oneself infinitely richer.

Theodor Däubler has produced two new volumes, "Paean und Dithyrambus" (1924) and "Attische Sonnette" (1924), both formally more mature than the epoch-making "Nordlicht" (1910) in which he expressed his original version of the world myth.

Arnim T. Wegner gives impressions of his wandering through Europe and Asia in "Die Strasse mit den Tausend Zielen" (1924). His slate is the earth on which his feet write the song of his life in ecstatic rhythms.

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Books of Special Interest

Political Prisoners

LETTERS FROM RUSSIAN PRISONS. New York: A. & C. Boni. 1925.

Reviewed by RODERICK SEIDENBERG

INEVITABLY the political prisoner is a thorn in the side of any government. He is the victim of a dilemma which governments, in the nature of the case, cannot solve. So long as physical force and the power of ideas are incommensurable energies, this basic quandary will persist to harass those in power. In turn governments will wreak vengeance upon their victims. The cruelty which marks the history of all political persecution is nothing but an index of this fundamental dilemma, and the real guilt of the victim does not consist in his aberrant ideas, but in forcing upon the government the odious business of trying to change these ideas by such meaningless expedients as imprisonment or exile. This process, however rationally entered upon by governments, ends always in shameful, cruel, and absurd failure. For nowhere could the means used to achieve a desired end be more maddeningly irrelevant. Stinking soup and the fellowship of lice and other lowly creatures is conducive to thoughts of a kind, as anyone knows who has experienced these universal attributes of jail, but they are not thoughts of a nature dear to those who govern. Jailors, moreover, running the foul gamut of prison tricks, are hardly more persuasive. Thus governments, having entered upon the use of force, are reduced at last to those meaningless barbarities that always characterize the failure of political persecution.

Upon reading the "Letters from Russian Prisons," issued by the International Committee for Political Prisoners, it appears that Soviet Russia, like other governments including our own, runs true to form in the matter of political prisoners. If one may judge a government by the prisoners it keeps, Russia has precious little to offer the suppressed and persecuted of other nations. Animated by a far more trenchant system of governmental ideas, harassed from without, and controlled by a dictatorship from within, it is but natural that Russia should be driven hard into the dilemma of fighting ideas by force. This is all the more true in the case of its own political malcontents, since they have not profited by the intensive propaganda issued by the government. Force alone remained. And force, in failing, becomes cruelty. Thus Soviet Russia takes on one of the attributes of all governments: the right to persecute. It does so frankly, if not boastfully, since it is a revolutionary government. While both of these youthful qualities may be admirable, inquiring minds will ask of a revolutionary as well as of a bourgeoise government whether the suppression of ideas is worth the preservation of any government.

The tales told in these letters from Russian prisoners are the same stories that have come from prisoners at all times, in all countries. It is the monotony of these letters that makes them heart-rending. Every experience of exile, of imprisonment and persecution, of hunger strikes and solitary confinements, brings forward questions of political freedom, of the relation of the individual to the state, of the value of abstract ideals balanced against the compromise of revolutionary expediency, of ultimate good involved, of means and ends. One is soon thrown into a reflective, into a despairing mood. History, one comes to think dolefully, progresses through the endless repetition of futilities. The saddest part of the Russian situation is the ironic spectacle of hundreds of old revolutionists of the Czarist days who must continue their prison pilgrimage at the hands of their former comrades. If we lived as long as Bernard Shaw would wish us to, not unlikely we would each of us be jailed and jailors in time. These Russian letters throw one back, in gloomy despair, upon humanity itself. The problem begins and ends in economics—yet all the while it is psychologic and spiritual as well.

Not the least interesting portion of the book is the section given over to letters from celebrated intellectuals. They include Arnold Bennett, H. N. Brailsford, George Brandes, Karl Capek, Albert Einstein, Knut Hamsun, Gerhardt Hauptmann, Sven Hedin, Bernard Kellerman, Selma Lagerlöf, Harold Laski, Sinclair Lewis, Maurice Maeterlinck, Thomas Mann, Karin Michaelis, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Arthur Schnitzler, Upton Sinclair, H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, and Israel Zangwill. Unanimously these letters reflect the strain that Soviet Russia imposes upon minds that are indubitably human and deeply sophisticated. They reveal the "cost" of this manner of revolutionary expediency. Wells alone hovers near the shores of safety in a non-committal and empty letter.

Credit should be given to those responsible for the gathering and editing of this impressive mass of material. The task, undertaken in a fine and disinterested spirit, has been faithfully carried out. The case of Russian political prisoners has been given an authoritative hearing despite the censorship of Soviet Russia or the propaganda of a capitalistic world.

Essays in Criticism

ESSAYS IN THE ROMANTIC POETS. By S. F. GINGERICH. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.25.

Reviewed by FREDERICK E. PIERCE
Yale University

PROFESSOR GINGERICH'S book contains lengthy essays on Coleridge and Wordsworth, shorter ones on Shelley and Byron. In all four poets he searches, not for the secret of their æsthetic charm, but for the secret of their philosophical attitude toward life. Perhaps this bent of the author's mind accounts for the lack of æsthetic charm in his own work. His style is usually stiff and occasionally clumsy. His essay on Wordsworth contains a good deal that, though true, is somewhat platitudinous; and, however appropriate this may be in a study of "The Excursion," it is not literary art. The work has been proof-read with shocking carelessness. Even a narrow-minded professor may be excused for feeling pained when he finds "Deity" spelled "Diety" in several places.

Still, allowing for all defects, the book has genuine value. Dr. Gingerich has directed his researches along wise lines, has pursued them by scholarly methods, and has reached conclusions that are generally sound and valuable. "He maintains that most of Coleridge's best poetry was written under the influence of Unitarian and Necessitarian doctrines, that Shelley's ideas were largely the result of Eighteenth Century Necessitarian thought, that Byron's deeper nature was profoundly influenced by Eighteenth Century Calvinism, and that Coleridge in his later prose and Wordsworth in his mature poetry reacted against that Eighteenth Century current and anticipated in large measure the transcendental thought of the Nineteenth Century." Such is the summary on the cover, and it is a just one.

Some reservations must be made in accepting the author's conclusions. Let us admit—for he seems to prove it conclusively—that Byron never freed himself from the Calvanistic conception of predestination stamped on his boyish mind. We must remember, however, that Byron was no abstract philosopher, that philosophical conceptions, even when he held them, had little to do with shaping his life and poetry. We suspect that his fatalism grew less out of the teachings of John Calvin than out of his perception—as a shrewd man of the world—that the universe will not give way to us, and we must give way to it. As for Shelley, he had an intense desire to be a philosopher without having the mental equipment for one. His philosophical conceptions, vaguely worded and vaguely conceived, were merely ingredients for his lyric crucible, there to suffer a

change
Into something rich and strange.

In the case of these two authors, Dr. Gingerich gives us interesting light on their personalities, rather than a key to their deepest meaning. In the case of Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were abstract thinkers of genuine power, the problem is different.

Three important truths about the romantic generation are stated or implied in this book. The first is the great debt of that generation to the Eighteenth Century. The poets were evolving from it, were at times in violent reaction against it; but their infancy had been trained in its traditions, and

The child is father to the man.

Secondly, Dr. Gingerich emphasizes the fact that, among its great minds, the romantic generation was not an age of emotional intoxication, but one of strenuous mental activity. It is true that England during this period produced no great philosophers; but Germany produced a galaxy of them, and some of these, Kant especially, sent waves of profound thought spreading far through English verse. That thought was in the mystic tradition of Plotinus rather than the analytic one of Aristotle; but it was a strenuous activity of the brain, no mere vaporing of the bosom's longings. Lastly, Professor Gingerich rightly maintains that no one of the great romanticists was static, that the history of each one's inner life is a record of constant evolution, almost Protean change. It was an age of experiment in everything; new methods of government, new tactics in warfare, new metres, and new moods. Poet after poet was striving to prove all things and hold fast that which was good. We are sorry that Dr. Gingerich's book is not a little more polished in expression, for it contains truths that the world should know.

America and Cathay

GOLD OF OPHIR or The Lure That Made America. By SIDNEY GREENBIE and MARJORIE GREENBIE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by RALPH VOLNEY HARLOW
Boston University

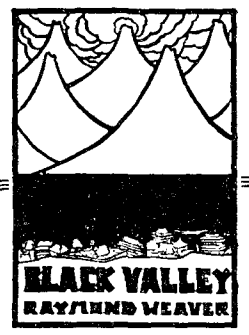
THE reviewer is inclined to wonder how the expert library cataloguer would classify this volume. It begins sedately, and with commendable sobriety, as history; it ends with two chapters of unrestrained rhapsody. These last fervid outbursts may be philosophy, or poetry, or "pure literature," or something else, but they are not history.

In the main the authors have presented a readable and entertaining account of the origin and progress of American trade with the Orient, which began to flourish after the Revolution. They show how the Americans, forced to abandon their old lines of trade established in colonial times, turned to the Far East. Imaginative merchants from Salem, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia found profits in selling furs and gingseng to the Chinese, and bringing back tea to the Americans. There are descriptions of the leaders in these romantic ventures, figures to show their profits and accounts of the Chinese dealers through whose hands the Chinese government allowed the trade to pass.

If any fault is to be found with this part of the work, it would be that the authors throw it out of perspective. A certain lack of focus is inevitable, perhaps, due to the singling out of this particular group of American commercial ventures. But it might have been possible to give a few figures to show the relative volume of this trade as compared with that on the Atlantic. Certainly from 1793 to 1807 the commerce with the West Indies and Europe was flourishing and lucrative. The reader gets no hint of this from either preface or text; instead he learns that "the trade with the Orient is one of the two great economic facts in the history of the United States between the Revolution and the Civil War." Slavery was the other.

And it is not only in connection with the trade itself that American history is distorted. For example, the authors declare that Jefferson's purchase of Louisiana was an act conscientiously taken to open up a new route to the East. "To Jefferson, Louisiana was an escape from the thraldom that hung over the Atlantic." And again, "the one thing that gives it [the Louisiana purchase] its *raison d'être* is the China trade and the outlet on the Pacific for it." In order to float such a generous issue of new interpretation a large volume of evidence is needed, much more than the authors submit.

But the twisting of facts to make one subject seem all important is not the only departure from sound canons of historical writing. In the last two chapters the authors abandon facts and soar off into the empyrean. Here they attempt to distil out of the depths of American thought the influences which came from the East "directly through the China and India trade." "When America first began to move out into the world, the finest influences in thought and culture came to us from the East." "Even with the continent to spread out in, beauty of thought and feeling would not have emerged for generations had there not been a goal and an outlet in the China trade." By way of upholding these tenuous assertions, the authors proceed to a brief analysis of American literature. In prose and poetry alike they find hitherto unsuspected effects of the old Oriental trade. Herman Melville is obviously the best illustration for this purpose. Even so, the reviewer at least is inclined to shy at this estimate: "'Moby Dick' is the epos of a new people—the only work of genuine epic quality produced by any people in modern times; akin to 'Beowulf' and the 'Niebelungenlied'."



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A "Peasant Poet"

By ALEXANDER I. NAZAROFF

THE suicide of Serguey Yessenin (December 27, 1925) caused the artistic quarters of Russia, or, at least, the Russian equivalent of Washington Square, to seethe with excitement and contradictory comment. In the eyes of the outside world Yessenin was hardly anything but Isadora Duncan's ex-husband, who had added to the withered and scant laurels won by her in America and Europe a long list of drunken scandals and disreputable escapades. But outside of being an avowed hooligan—a title which he claimed with pride—Yessenin was also a poet. He was the recognized leader of the imagist school of Petrograd and Moscow. In the eyes of Russians with radical tastes in æsthetics he was one of the most outstanding figures in the unruly Soviet Russian Parnassus. And his admirers invariably agreed that that which he was going to say exceeded by far in importance that which he had already said: he was only thirty on the day when they found him hanging on a rope with his wrists cut.

What prompted him to suicide?—ask his admirers, and venture most dissimilar suppositions. He committed suicide as he had predicted in his lyrical poems he would (he really did predict it). He did it in a state of intoxication with empty vodka bottles all around him—say others. He became tired of his own hooliganism, which lost all of its former virulence and became a sort of a dull and uninspiring habit—say others still. Finally some let it be understood that the note written in his blood which was found on his table was declared illegible by the police because it contained a strong condemnation of the Soviet régime. Hence the conclusion: it was the oppressive atmosphere of Communism that drove Yessenin's neck into the noose. I do not know which of the explanations is true. But it seems to me that all of them contain bits of truth. For to one who had watched Yessenin's career from the beginning, the poet's death was neither unexpected nor astonishing.

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It was in 1915 that I saw for the first time two young Russian extremists—Vladimir Mayakovsky and Serguey Yessenin. Mayakovsky, the leader of the Russian Futurists, appeared with red stripes across his forehead on the stage of a provincial theatre. Wearing a woman's yellow blouse, and displaying a mouthful of rotten teeth, he began to recite his poems gathered under the title "A Slap in Public Opinion's Face." He choked over falling skyscrapers, locomotives, cubes, and other like subjects borrowed from Marineti, seasoned with heavy cynicisms and arranged into rhythmless and unrhymed verses. It goes without saying that Russia's real literature and criticism shrank in horror from that figure. But a success of scandal he did have. There appeared in Moscow and in Petrograd scores of Mayakovsky's admirers and imitators. Multiply the dull and pretentious ignorance of the Greenwich Village pseudo-artistic Bohemia by a hundred and you will have a faint idea of the Russian Futurism of the war years.

It was in Futurist circles that Yessenin moved from the age of nineteen. I saw this tall, blond, curly-haired, and mild-mannered boy a year or two after he arrived in Petrograd direct from the peasant-cabin of his parents in the Province of Ryazan. One could easily understand that already then he was spoiled by the atmosphere of Futurist quarters. Notes of ignorant impertinence broke here and there through his shy and mild speech. The verses he read displayed undeniable talent and freshness along with Futuristic mannerism that could not conceal the technical weakness of a beginner.

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Then came the revolution and the Soviet régime. Cannibalism in politics felt a natural attraction for Calibanism in the arts, and while real literature was silenced, Mayakovsky became the official poet, almost the literary dictator, of Soviet Russia. To falling skyscrapers he added a flood of obscenities which, if translated, would make a prudish Anglo-Saxon paper blush. Unlike Mayakovsky, Yessenin did not indulge in official dithyrambics of the proletariat. But he also found himself among those patronized by the Soviet Government. His poems also were published in official periodicals. He also received subventions from the "Gossizdat," the State Publishing Company. He was not a Communist; but in the eyes of Communists he was a "fellow-traveler of the revolution." His poetry was also recognized to be revolutionary poetry. Besides, he was a real peasant by birth. Why, then, not acknowledged, by patronizing him, the union of the "revolutionary proletariat" with the "peasantry"?

In his lyrical poems he sang of meadows and ploughs, birch trees of the Russian North, and the winter landscape of the snow-covered village, the breadth and width of his native country. Peasant life and the life of nature fused in his imagination into a Greek Catholic Liturgy, and he often depicted them in the terms of Church rituals. This was for the most part sincere, and some of his poems of this group have real poetic value, whatever be their shortcomings. But in the eyes of his readers, and especially of his official readers, this was not enough. He was expected to be not only a lyrical poet, but also a peasant-hooligan and a revolutionist, no matter whether he wished it or not. The wild peasant anarchy of the first years of the revolution inflamed his mind for a short while with a sort of romantic enthusiasm. But this did not last long. Yet it was here that lay the short-cut to popularity and "glory" along which he was pushed by his friends. And he did his best to convince himself and his friends that he was really a gloomy and terrible bandit-revolutionist. They wanted him to be a sort of a Byron à la Bolshevik, and he had to live up to this reputation. There was a time when he talked of joining the bandits in the Caucasus. This, however, was rather difficult. It was much easier to display these Soviet-Byronic moods by breaking wine-bottles on the heads of his debauched comrades, by smashing tables and dishes in Berlin restaurants, and by treating in similar revolutionary fashion poor Isadora Duncan, his wife from 1922 to 1924.

His long revolutionary poems are unconvincing. Such is the blasphemous "Inonia" (1919) in which Yessenin promises to "tear out God's beard" and to give the world a new religion. Such are also "The Confessions of a Hooligan," pretentious, artificial, and self-conscious confessions. Such statements, expressed *en tout les lettres*, are liked and encouraged by Soviet critics as "artistic daring." Equally weak is his long dramatic poem "Pugachov" (1922)—the history of the famous Russian Eighteenth Century bandit who started a bloody Jacquerie in the reign of Empress Catherine II. Even Trotzky observed that all the heroes of that poem were typical imagists, seething with daring and all-absorbing images, while Pugachov himself was a disguised Serguey Yessenin.

In the last year or two of his life Yessenin continued by inertia to play his rôle. But he wrote at the same time a number of touching lyrical verses. Reading them one could easily understand that he was tired to death of all that humbug, that he saw very well the difference between poetry and mannerism, that he could no longer delight in the atmosphere of the Soviet Russian Bohemia, that he was aware of his own degradation. He probably understood also that he could have developed into a real poet-singer with a virile, tender, and melodious tone of his own had it not been for the Soviet home-brewed vodka which often made his voice sound false and hoarse.

M. Paul Claudel, the poet, Ambassador to Japan now on leave in France, has just published a group of short Odes which have appeared individually in various periodicals at various times. They are devoted to saints and to men admired by the author: Verlaine, Abbé Daniel Fontaine, Georges Dumesnil, Saints Louis, Joseph, Cécile, Geneviève, etc. Rhythm, and both assonant and true rhymes, represent the usual Claudellian method. There is beauty and vigor of thought in these poems, intermingled with prosaic reflexions and language of the familiar kind. He speaks of Goethe as "le grand âne solennel." This striking book is entitled "Feuilles de Saints" (Nouvelle Revue Française), meaning those sheets containing pictures and short accounts of saints and other personages which are associated with the city of Epinal. Claudel also publishes a volume of "Morceaux Choisis" selected by himself from his works.

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A new name is that of Victor Wittner whose poems, "Sprung auf die Strasse" (1924), are as amazing as Werfel's "Weltfreund" for their freshness of impression and resolute images: knees dip reluctantly into daily preoccupation, a saw has a crow's voice, an express train picks up little villages like kernels only to cast them away for the towns.

On Christianity

L'AGONIE DU CHRISTIANISME. Par MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Traduit du texte espagnol par JEAN CASSOU. Paris: F. Rieder et Cie. 1925.

Reviewed by WILFRED A. BEARDSLEY
Goucher College

THE quality of this book is distinctly better than the author's last book, reviewed in these columns, "De Fuerteventura à Paris," if consistency of treatment is still considered a literary virtue. In handling this religious theme, which was suggested to Unamuno by M. P.-L. Couchoud, editor of the *cahiers* which bear the generic title of *Christianisme*, the Spanish philosopher and mystic is very much at home. He makes his passionate pilgrimage without undue haste to arrive at his objective; he always has time to linger on a philosophical by-path if the whim seizes him. The brilliance of his incidental remarks constitutes one of Unamuno's chief attractions.

One important fact concerning "L'Agonie du Christianisme" is that it appears in French before it is seen in its native Spanish. Unamuno wrote it in France, and no doubt found it easier to do business with M. Couchoud than with his distant Spanish publishers.

The title is perhaps intended to be melodramatic, but the author does not intend to convey the usual idea of a death-bed scene, as he is thinking of the Greek original of *agonie* which means *struggle*. To Unamuno this is the essence of life. Absence of struggle is death. Unamuno holds among other things that "a faith which does not doubt is dead;" "spiritual life is fighting against oblivion."

This philosophy is found even more fully treated in "El Sentimiento Trágico de la Vida." It appears somewhat disguised in his "Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho," and it is the basis of various poems and essays. Probably Unamuno could not write anything in which this theory of his did not appear in one form or another.

Unamuno's attitude toward religion can be glimpsed in his opposition to what is called "social(istic) Christianity." According to him, Christianity must be "a-political;" it has nothing to do with politics. Neither has it anything to do with war or any other minor or major incidents of this life. It is the relation of the individual to Deity, not to tax collectors, reformers, or Labor unions: "The Christ has nothing to do with socialism, nor with private property;" "The Christian mission is not to settle the economico-social problem, the problem of poverty, slavery, and tyranny, ordering a death sentence or undergoing it?;" "Christianity is above these worldly distinctions." Unamuno's religious world is entirely a spiritual one; he "renders unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" and he is exceedingly careful that Cæsar shall not have the things that are God's.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

UNPOSTED LETTERS. By *John O'London*. Putnam. $2.

FOOLS AND PHILOSOPHERS. By *J. R. Priestley*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE OLD WORLD PLEASAUNCE. By *Eleanor Sinclaire Rhode*. Dial. $2.

A STUDY IN SMOLLETT. By *Howard Swazey Buck*. Yale University Press.

Biography

WHEN THE MOVIES WERE YOUNG. By MRS. D. W. GRIFFITH. Dutton. 1926. $3.

Mrs. D. W. Griffith is the wife of the famous director of "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "The Two Orphans," and sundry other tearful masterpieces quite as wonderful as their names. Her book is designed to present him in the days when as director for the Biograph and other long dead firms he was creating the art of the motion picture. The splendid fruition of his work is at present visible on every hand, though Mr. Griffith, if not outdistanced by younger talents, is at least forced to dispute almost as violently as in those earliest days for cinema leadership. Whether you hold that the movies are a curse, or the preëminently American art of the future, some of the things that Mrs. Griffith, who starred in her husband's first pictures, has to say about the whole incredible business will interest you. Her reminiscences are somewhat centrifugal; everything is put in, with no particular regard for order or relative importance. Famous names and personalities are confusingly thick in her prose, and the often reiterated fact that no fame is so fleeting as movie fame is proven again and again by the appearance of forgotten luminaries. Yet it all happened less than fifteen years ago! It all goes with such a rush—from nothing to millions, and frequently back again. One becomes confused with the petty studio warfares, the salary disputes, the new stars, the changed names, and disconnected personal anecdotes. But it gives an authentically rough picture of the days when Mary Pickford and her formidable mama went shopping at Macy's for costumes, and five dollars a day was all that any movie star could hope for. Reflection on the mutability of all thing is in order.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY. Prepared by *Thomas Ollive Mabbott* and *Frank Lester Pleadwell*. Macmillan.

THE ADVENTURES OF A HOMELY WOMAN. By *Fay Inchfawn*. Putnam. $2.50.

WILLIAM COBBETT. By *Gilbert K. Chesterton*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

VOLTAIRE. By *Richard Aldington*. Dutton.

Education

LE SECRET DE L'ETANG NOIR. By *Jeanne Danemarie*. Edited by *Milton Garver*. Century. $1.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES. By *Ralph Volney Harlow*. Holt. $5.

STARTING-POINTS IN SOCIAL SCIENCE. By *A. G. Keller*. Boston: Ginn.

HELOISE AND ABELARD. By *George Moore*. Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $3.

THE LANDMARK. By *James Lane Allen*. Macmillan. $2.

THE SOUNDS OF FRENCH. By *Otto F. Bond*. University of Chicago Press. $1.25.

Fiction

ARICIE BRUN. By EMILE HENRIOT. Translated by HENRY LONGAN STUART. Viking. 1925. $2.

The quiet charm and humanity of this prize novel of the *Académie Française* is in violent contrast with the shrill heresies of modern letters in France. M. Henriot here gives us the epic of a French family, or rather a series of pictures masterfully sketched to indicate the inconsistency of life. Against the background of Bordeaux and the Garonne River region he follows the family's evolution through a century and paints a vivid picture of the landscape where the drama unfolds itself.

One of the best authorities on Stendhal in France, M. Henriot shows the influence of the master in the skill with which he analyzes his chief character. He succeeds in producing an almost documentary verisimilitude. For the tragic figure of Aricie Brun, whose life has been bent into renunciation, lingers with the reader long after he has laid the book aside, and assumes the proportions of a modern Antigone.

The story, after giving a charming background of Bordeaux shortly after the Napoleonic wars, traces Aricie's life of sacrifice from 1824 to the outbreak of the World War, thus giving us a psychological and sociological analysis of bourgeois France during an important part of her history. The daughter of a father, who hailed from the Vosges and who had drifted into Bordeaux spurred by the spirit of adventure, and of a Gasconne mother, Aricie bloomed into young womanhood without anything more enlivening in her life than occasional excursions in the region of her *quartier*.

The arrival of a young officer who was billeted in her home, changed her outlook. They became engaged. While attempting to obtain his release from military service, the revolution of 1848 broke out and he was killed on the barricades in Paris. Aricie's grief was increased, when she received a last letter from her lover in which he announced his decision to break the engagement. Years of mute sorrow and self-sacrifice for her family followed the event. Another man appeared whom she loved, but she stepped voluntarily aside, when she noticed that her cousin was in love with him. From then on her life was resignation and she watched birth and death draw their cycles in the family, while she worked ascetically to heal wounds and spread the magic of her gentleness.

This brief synopsis fails to give an account of the many idyllic interludes scattered throughout the book. For Emile Henriot, the poet, has succeeded in evoking the atmosphere in which the many members of the family move. This lyric magic was already apparent in his previous books: "Le Diable à l'Hotel," a series of delightfully introspective sketches of the provinces, and "L'Instant et le Souvenir," in which his analytical and lyrical tendencies emerged in a happy union. With "Stendhaliana," an entertaining book on his great predecessor, Henriot established himself as a literary historian.

Henry Longan Stuart's translation leaves nothing to be desired. He has succeeded in moulding the epic style of the original into sharply chiseled English.

DAL NIHON. By GRAHAM MARTYR. London: Martin Hopkinson. 1925.

Ever since Lafcadio Hearn cultivated our taste for such writing we cannot help putting a high value upon every scrap of Japanese lore and legend that comes to hand. It is as though having once been permitted to drink, out of the scooped bill of a sacred heron, some delicious drugged wine we go in search of the same delicious draught for ever afterwards. For how delicate is the oriental scene exhibited to us in these translations and stories, a scene which provokes our imagination in much the same way as did once the turreted bridges and winding ponds upon our breakfast ware!

Mr. Graham Martyr has lived for a long time in Japan and his mind has evidently been stored with dainty tales: many of them might, we feel, have been whispered into his ears by the curled petal lips of the very flowers he describes. Truly, there is scarcely a page of this book which does not evoke some outlined image of finely etched beauty. He describes how a lovely dream-acolyte conducted him into the presence of the God Yawaler and he noticed that the boy's finger nails were "painted gold" and that his hand "felt like a rose leaf." In one of his stories we are taken to the bottom of the ocean "where the roofs are made of fishes' scales." In another we are back again on land exhuming the body of a dead warrior, of a warrior dead already for a century, who lies with two excaliburs at his side, under so quaint and charming a crest as "a single hollyhock leaf within a circle."

We closed the book with reluctance. Its influence, it is true, has been slight, yet at the same time we regret its passing as we would the tinkling of a distant wind-bell fading out of earshot over the wide stretches of a "teal-haunted Japanese beach." As a poet also Mr. Martyr is not to be despised. His pipe, far from being of scrannel oats, is cleverly contrived out of a "yellow rice straw."

THE SCHOOL OF PARIS. By ROBERT A. HAMBLIN. Brentano's. 1925. $2.

There are promising elements of comedy in "The School of Paris," but they become submerged in a conventional love affair. Mr. Hamblin pictures an English girl in Paris, leading the free life she did not know in England, and teaching her native language in a freak school which inculcates foreign speech by means of ocular and auditory phenomena. The girl spends her

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

holiday at Dieppe with a lonesome old man who has won her pity, and becomes the center of misconception and notoriety when he dies one night in her room. Thereafter the story concerns her tortuous love affair with a young Englishman, with comedy giving up the field to botchy sentiment.

Mr. Hamblin is not quite at home in the bohemian Paris of his creation. His lovers take themselves seriously in the English, not the Gallic, fashion. His moral sense paradoxically makes disagreeable his portrayal of an unmoral life; he suffers the same subsequent revulsion to its practice as his dunderheaded young Englishman. His scenes involving a questionable morality are unpleasant, not so much because he lacks taste as because he lacks lightness and a sense of humor; his apparent feelings with regard to them, give them an emphasis which a gay, playful treatment would never convey. The book is second-rate in a field where to be second-rate is to be intolerable.

THE CONTRACTING CIRCLE. By E. L. GRANT-WATSON. Boni & Liveright. 1925.

Somewhere among the concluding pages Mr. Grant-Watson's heroine, arrived at the age of sixty, hazards the rash guess that "love created the greatest, the most painful of injuries, for what inflicts greater spiritual pain than that which attracts and does not conquer, that which attracts and is not strong enough to subdue?" It is not a new theme; one is a little surprised, in fact, at the way in which novelists—especially serious modern novelists—seem constantly to be caught in astonished exclamation over the simple realization that human nature is what it is. It is not until the 294th page that Mr. Grant-Watson feels safe in concluding that "the man or woman who lives truly wants more than love." But if there is necessarily a certain amount of the obvious in any exploration of so old a problem, yet the problem is in itself inexplicable and eternally elusive; and when the inquiry is pursued with both sincerity and insight, each fresh verdict demands its hearing. This question of a love which will bind up two conflicting personalities and yet fail to amalgamate them—of love which promises and yet fails, obscurely, to repay—is important to an imperfect humanity, and Mr. Grant-Watson's answer is as valid as any other man's.

He calls in the impressive background of the Australian bush (Mr. Grant-Watson is himself an Australian) to lift it at once to its simplest and strongest terms. Maggie O'Brien is the young wife of a sheep-rancher who, in his passionate and instinctive devotion to the bush country in which he was born, has succeeded in burying her in a desolation which leaves her twenty-four miles from her nearest neighbor. The grey loneliness—there is a fine rhythm in the development—slowly creeps up upon her and threatens to kill her. Her husband will not leave for her sake, and she begins to feel that she cannot stay for his. For both of them the illusions perish and they drift apart while they still remain indissolubly linked (it is, of course, one of the conditions of the problem) by their love for each other. Mr. Grant-Watson finds his answer to that unanswerable situation in the contracting circle of one's desires, ambitions, joys, and illusions which inevitably narrows as life passes, until it results, for Mr. Grant-Watson at least, in an unexpectedly happy ending surrounded by a triumphant geographical symbolism.

The method is artificial in that this problem occurs more often in situations less simple than those of the Australian sheep-country; but it is real for the same reason. It is the laboratory method. And if the conclusion, after all, is only Mr. Grant-Watson's, who can blame him? "Any form of real, naked, unadorned life," remarks one of his characters in another connection, "will reduce man or woman to a state of beggary." Sometimes, in the very midst of their capability, it will similarly reduce even capable novelists. But at least, the life here *is* real.

COMES THE BLIND FURY (La Nuit) By RAYMOND ESCHOLIER. Translated by J. LEWIS MAY. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

Raymond Escholier has come to the fore in the last few years as one of France's most virile novelists. Stemming from that offshoot of Zolaisme—the regionalistic school of writers, Echolier has given us profound portraits of provincial life, and his stories frequently are evocative of Dostoievski.

In the little town of La Bastide, near Bordeaux, there comes into the quiescent life of Dr. Langdale and his wife a troubling experience. Henriette, the little illegitimate daughter of their only son at once becomes the bone of contention between the doctor and his straight-laced sister. Henriette is kept under rigid guardianship, but her atavistic instincts make her restless. Having found the key to a secret door that leads to a side-street, she makes the acquaintance of Mlle. Cesarine, the milliner. A new world opens magical vistas.

Young men pay court to her and she hears strange stories of the world. One day she loses the key and her adventure is revealed. The town begins to whisper. The doctor is furious and watches her more carefully than ever. But she manages to escape again. One day she is suddenly stricken with blindness. The young girl, bubbling over with love of life, faces despair. Day after day she is alone, unable to move without aid. Her cousin Celestin pities her and takes her to his home at frequent intervals. His wife takes a fancy to the blind girl. The idyll is broken up, when Celestin's wife discovers the infidelity of her husband and a blind hate against the girl is the result. Henriette is smuggled out of town by a friend, and no one hears from her again.

This powerful story is told with a great economy of words, and moves dynamically to its terrific climax. The translation, although awkward in spots, is adequate.

WITHIN THE ROCK. By *Marie Buxton Martin*. Vinal.

THE ENEMY'S GATES. By *Richmond Brooks Barrett*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

GIFTS OF SHEBA. By *W. L. George*. Putnam. $2.

HEARTS OF HICKORY. By *John Trotwood Moore*. Cokesbury Press. $2.

WISHES COME TRUE. By *Georgia Fraser*. Vinal.

GLASS HOUSE. By *Eleanor Gizycka*. Minton, Balch.

DOODLE. By *M. Francis Reid*. Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE ALTAR OF THE LEGION. By *Farnham Bishop* and *Arthur Gilchrist Brodeus*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

PIG IRON. By *Charles G. Norris*. Dutton.

Foreign

HISTORY OF NEOHELLENIC LITERATURE. From the middle of the Fifteenth Century to the present time, with an Introduction on Byzantine Literature. Vol. I. By ELIAS P. VOUTIERIDIS. Athens, Greece: The M. Zikakkis Co. 1925.

ELIAS P. VOUTIERIDIS, Assistant to the Librarian of the National Library of Greece, is a widely known scholar in his country. He is practically the chief Greek authority on Neohellenic literature. He is moreover a writer of excellent standing, having given us a critical study on the distinguished poet Kostes Palamas, a small volume of poems, "Elegiacs" and two readable novels dealing with life in present day Athens, "Marios," and "When We Love."

The interesting and monumental work under review is to be in four volumes and will thus be completely published by the early part of 1927. The first volume, here being noticed, a piece of about 450 pages, contains an introduction which deals mostly with Byzantine literature from 1250 to 1450 A. D., a general examination of the whole spiritual status of the Greek Nation from the fall of Constantinople (1453) to the end of the Eighteenth Century, a delineation of the various conditions under which Neohellenic literature developed and of the reasons that lie back of the rise and perpetuation of the Greek language question. It includes also a treatment of the subject of the activity and contribution of Greek men of letters in the Renaissance of the West, and, finally, a fair account of the work of Greek men of letters during post-Byzantine years in the various branches of poetry, lyric, epic, epic-lyric and religious.

The second volume, in continuation, to be published in the near future, will contain poetry in the popular language, epic, patriotic, religious, and didactic; drama and comedy; prose in the archaic and popular languages, as well as Greek translations of foreign fragments in verse and prose.

The author inserts a lengthy prologue on the difficulties of the task he has undertaken, difficulties centering mostly on the darkness of the period from 1453 to 1800. Dividing the entire period into three parts, 1453 to 1800, 1800 to 1880, and 1880 to today, he says: "Departing from the thought that I have to examine and record the full expression of the Greek spirit in literary creation, I have divided the products of this creation into two main forms of expression, verse and prose. Each of these two forms I have divided according to the medium used, works written in the archaic or puristic idiom and works written in the popular or demotic."

It is in the introduction that the author presents a good account of the poems centering round the semi-mythical figure of Digenis Akritas. These poems form what is known as the Akritic Cycle and are compositions that belie the general conception as regards Byzantine letters among the majority of modern scholars. Digenis Akritas was a Greek hero revered generation after generation as a brave, religious, patriotic, and romantic youth.

LES AVENTURES FILIBUSTER BLANCHENE. By *Alain-René Lesagei*. Edited by *Harry Kunz*. $1.

LES REFUGIES HUGUENOTS EN AMERIQUE. Paris: Les Belles Lettres.

Government

WORKING MANUAL OF CIVICS. By *Milton Conover*. Johns Hopkins Press.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANKING PRACTICE. By *H. Parker Willis* and *William H. Steiner*. Appleton.

History

THE CONQUEST OF THE PHILIPPINES BY THE UNITED STATES. By *Moorfield Storey* and *Marcial P. Lichauco*. Putnam. $2.

THE SLAVE TRADE. By *Theodore D. Jervey*. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company.

THE PLANTATION OVERSEER AS SHOWN IN HIS LETTERS. By *John Spencer Bassett*. Smith College Press.

THE FRENCH REGIME IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. By *D. C. Harvey*. Yale University Press. $3.

VERSAILLES: ITS LIFE AND HISTORY. By *Cecilia Hill*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

International

THE DESTINY OF A CONTINENT. By MANUAL UGARTE. Knopf. 1925. $3.50.

This book by Manual Ugarte, one of the foremost publicists in Latin America, is an exhaustive, if somewhat inaccurate and extravagant *exposé* of "Yankee Imperialism." In South and Central America they do not speak of the Yellow Peril but of the Yankee Peril, and Señor Ugarte has prepared his indictment with more patriotic passion than sound reasoning. Nevertheless, one gathers from his historical survey of commercial exploitation by America in South America, the Central American Republics, and the Antilles, that Yankee imperialism does not differ from any other kind. Backward countries, as Walter Lippmann demonstrated years ago in "The Stakes of Diplomacy," are bound to be exploited by their powerful neighbors and become the real focal points of international *Weltpolitik*. Germany and Spain showed the iron hand in their respective spheres of influence more ruthlessly than the United States does now (with the exception of Haiti and Santo Domingo where our policy affects the pre-war German brutality), but our financial inquisitors are quite as able and effective. Our hypocritical pretensions of "democracy" and "liberty" undoubtedly make us more offensive to the patriotic Latin than the naked arrogance of imperial Spain, but the process of economic subjugation will continue just as relentlessly.

FROM DAWES TO LOCARNO. By GEORGE GLASGOW. Harpers. 1925. $2.50.

This is a likable book. It is not only a book that Americans and Englishmen can like, but a book that Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, and Czechs can like. It is as near a book that Poles can like as any which deals objectively with European politics is likely to be. To produce such a book is no mean accomplishment.

Of course Mr. Glasgow had a likable subject. Locarno caught all the European Powers at a moment when there was no plausible reason why their oft-professed desires for peace and orderly living should not be translated into action. When it was done, they were all surprised that they had behaved so admirably, and correspondingly pleased with themselves.

In this spirit Mr. Glasgow's book is conceived. The author distributes praise with a lavish hand. Sir Austen Chamberlin comes in for the lion's share, but everybody is entitled to credit, and Locarno, with

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all its faults, is a great step toward the reconstruction of Europe.

Criticism is not lacking, however. The book is by no means free of that inescapable air of omniscience which seems to be the prerogative of the publicist, and which, after each new book on diplomatic affairs, makes us wonder again why some government does not seize an obvious opportunity and call its writers into the diplomatic service and let its diplomats write the books. Then its foreign affairs would be conducted with unprecedented address and the purblind diplomats would at last begin to see.

Be it said, however, that Mr. Glasgow sins less in this regard than the majority of his kind. He has given us a straightforward account of the psychological rectification which Europe has undergone since the Dawes plan was adopted and he has made an extremely readable story of it. The book is not overbalanced with any "discoveries," "exposés," or secret information. No hidden motives are dragged to light: no wells of dark intrigue are plumbed. It is a good, clean story, well told.

The value of the book for the student of international affairs is enhanced by the inclusion of many of the important documents leading up to Locarno, and the text of the agreements signed there.

LETTERS OF PROTEST. By *Kate Crane-Gartz*. Pasadena, Calif.: Mary Craig Sinclair.

Miscellaneous

THE NATURAL INCREASE OF MANKIND. By *J. Shirley Sweeney*. Williams and Wilkins. $4.

THE BRANCH BANKING QUESTION. By *Charles Wallace Collins*. Macmillan. $1.75.

OUR FLAG. By *Dosia Head Brooks*. Vinal.

FRESH AIR AND VENTILATION. By *C-E. A. Winslow*. Dutton. $2.

Pamphlets

THE STUDY OF HISTORY. By *H. C. Davis*. Oxford University Press. 70 cents.

ITALIAN PORTRAITS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. By G. F. Hill. Oxford University Press. $1.

THE CORRELATION OF CAPITAL AND LABOR. By *Gabriel Wells*. Doubleday, Page.

ERASMUS'S SERVICE TO LEARNING. By *P. S. Allen*. Oxford University Press. 50 cents.

Philosophy

MIND AND MATTER, THE PHILOSOPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO MODERN SCIENCE. By C. E. M. JOAD. Putnams. 1925.

This brief "Philosophical Introduction to Modern Science" fits into the context of George Bernard Shaw and Samuel Butler, of Jack Tanner and "Back to Methuselah." It flings off, with a slightly sceptical gesture, a philosophy of "the life force" struggling against matter to create higher forms of living creatures and finally to transform the universe into a single great mind or spirit. Mr. Joad makes much of the unconscious: he sees human beings, philosophers included, caught in the grip of impulses which push them blindly into thought and action. Indeed he confesses that his philosophy of the life force springs from instinct and is itself an expression of that very force; the intellect is swamped, after the fashion of the Freudian psychology, by the weight of the unrecognized desires pressing upon it. The life force alone clearly knows what it wants. Man is the deluded and imperfect tool of an inscrutable power that uses him for its ends. If, as individuals, we are stupid and myopic, all is well with the life force; it is rational and strong.

The earlier chapters of the book introduce Mr. Joad's own theory by examining and rejecting merchanistic, materialistic, and idealistic views of mind and matter. Descartes, Berkeley, Hume, Hegel, Bergson, and Schopenhauer are scrutinized with a critical eye; the theory of relativity is passed rapidly—and not altogether convincingly—in review as indicating the break-up of the mechanistic universe; Absolutism of the Hegelian type is discarded because it does not account for imperfection and error. In the end Mr. Joad concludes that there must be at least two principles at work in the world—the life force, and that which opposes the life force. Even if one cannot accept the conclusions, the process of arriving at them is instructive, summarizing as it does, with clarity and vigor, many important philosophical and scientific ideas. The book is admirably suited to the audience for which it is designed, the general public which has a taste for speculation but no acquaintance with the technique of metaphysics and psychology.

HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL PHILOSOPHY. By *Maurice de Wulf*. New Edition. Vol. I. Longmans.

CAROLYN WELLS' BOOK OF AMERICAN LIMERICKS. Putnam's. 1925. $2.50.

We can never know, asseverates Miss Wells, who first gave the Limerick its name. When Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" was published in 1846, it contained limericks, but not under that name. In 1864 imitations of Lear began to be published in America, and all, queerly enough, "in aid of the Sanitary Commission of the Great Central Fair, held for the benefit of the sufferers of our Civil War." These are the first American limericks. Miss Wells thinks that perhaps limerick-writing was not resorted to again until "about the time of Eugene Field, Bill Nye, and Robert Burdette." In the nineties, however, limericks began to flourish, and then a craze for them began. So many were published and have been published since (so many in the newspapers alone) that it is impossible to make any exhaustive collection. This Miss Wells has not even attempted, she has merely tried to be representative.

About every other limerick in the book, as the compiler admits, is by herself. You will find many and many a plum. Naturally all censorable limericks have been omitted; but a great many odd and tricky ones are here, tricky as to spelling and pronunciation. There are a number in series. Altogether, this is a lively collection and will furnish many a chuckle.

WHEN I GREW UP TO MIDDLE-AGE. By STRUTHERS BURT. Scribners. 1925. $2.

Amid the welter of current verse it would be all too easy to pass over this volume without more than the conventional few words of almost meaningless hail and farewell. Mr. Struthers Burt writes poetry in a manner that is not likely to provoke much interest during the present term of literary reactions. He follows the old poetic tradition so closely that even a careful reader might have difficulty in distinguishing between the merely imitative and the individual tones of his voice. Like most poets who feel and write about and in terms of the things at their own elbows Mr. Burt, at a casual reading, almost invites misunderstanding. This is particularly emphasized in his instance by the fact that he does, very frequently, fall into the commonplace. At any moment, however, he may rise suddenly into such a warm and well-felt passage as this wherein he traces—

. . . the dripping, following sense
Of fog along a twisted fence,
Where in soundless intervals
Sudden, muffled farmhouse walls,
Barns and hooded ricks and smells
Of smoke and hay and animals,
Step from the shadows and step back
Into the white encircling wrack.

Here and elsewhere he captures the essential quality of an experience in his rather loose and rambling verse. But Mr. Burt's best effects cannot be adequately illustrated in quotation because they are definitely cumulative. His tendency to discursion together with a notable uncertainty of purpose go far to obscure the real merits of his work, but seldom quite overcome his quick and responsive fancy.

Beauty persists in some imperishable little thing;
When you, O friends and lovers, are old and gray,
A ghost of what was you, and young, and gay;
A dancing shadow upon a quiet day.

He is seldom more intense than this. With a little more concentration—he wastes too many words—Mr. Burt should go far. That he is following the right direction appears in the preface to his volume, a little essay restating some of the oldest and truest facts about poetry in the most admirable manner. If for nothing else than this preface his book would be remarkable and it is not too high praise to say that it deserves to be reprinted in pamphlet form and circulated to every English teacher in the country. As a document in the history of modern American criticism it may yet come to be recorded among the most important. Mr. Burt is a forerunner of that conservatism which has already been foreseen in the arts on this side of the Atlantic by more than one acute prophetic critic. Better men than we have now have been to blame for letting their practice fall short of their theories. Mr. Burt has made a brave attempt to write poetry according to the most tenable of *a fortiori* theories and his book deserves very serious attention.

PEACOCKS IN THE SUN. By *Margaret Root Garvin*. Vinal.

WINGED VICTORY. By *Luella Glosser Gear*. Vinal.

ROSAMOND AND SIMONETTA. By *Gladys Brace*. Vinal.

SAILS OF THE HORIZONS. By *Charles J. Quirk*. Stratford. $1.

QUEST AND ACCEPTANCE. By *Ethel Arnold Tilden*. Vinal.

THE GREAT ADVENTURE. By *Kendall Banning*. New York: Marchbanks Press, 114 East 13th Street.

Religion

THE COMING FAITH. By R. F. FOSTER. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

This book is the work of an arrogant, vigorous, and honest mind, disgusted with the cant of the churches, impatient of pessimism, untutored in philosophy, devoted to a faith in progress and practical activity. The author himself has no doubts as to the value of the work. He writes in his preface: "It will probably be at least a thousand years before the beliefs outlined in this book will become the faith of even the majority of the human race; but the day is coming when it will be the one universal faith of the whole world." It would be ungracious, in the face of so generous a promise, to cavil over the errors and incorrect reasoning which spot the book, such as the ascription of "The Age of Reason" to David Hume, the statement that the belief in immortality "originated with the worship of Dionysius (sic!)

(*Continued on next page*)

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A MONTH ago the *Phoenix Nest* quoted from an entertaining letter all about thermometers and top-hats in Manchuria. Today, in this issue you will find a paper upon sitting in corners. The author of both is Stella Benson, in whose friendship *The Saturday Review* takes especial delight. The originality of Stella Benson has been displayed sparklingly in half a dozen books. She is an English poet and novelist of peculiar distinction. You can always be certain that whether she is dealing with human psychology or presiding over two worlds at once, the actual and the fantastic, her insight will be swift and sure, her wit and irony commingled with an almost incredible dexterity. Her piercingly amused observation breeds arrowy phrase. Stella Benson is that excessively rare thing—an individual. So, from New York, we salute her in far off Manchuria, Kirin Province, observing the top-hatted Koreans through swirling snow. Like Browning's "Waring" she has given us all the slip, but thank Heaven she continues to write and to favor *The Saturday Review* with a contribution now and then.

FROM as far off quarters of the world as Manchuria contributions and subscriptions, yes, and renewals of subscriptions, float in to *The Saturday Review*. How does *your* subscription stand? Have you already renewed it or would this coupon save you the trouble of writing?

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Trade Winds

MR. QUERCUS is still on his holiday, apparently not spending his time in bookshops as he promised. I guess the best thing I can do is print part of a long letter just received from him. He says:—

Dear Jocunda—My friend Nick the Barber, far down town, has put out a sign *Nick the Unfeminine Barber, Ladies Discouraged in This Shop, We Need All Our Time to Serve Our Regular Gentlemen Patrons.* It strikes me this might be a good come-on for us to adopt. Will you please ask Amherst to concoct a somewhat similar sign for us; it would do a great deal to get women coming in; they are, after all, the real book buyers. I haven't much real news for you; instead of frequenting the bookstores I have been loafing about on 44th Street just off Fifth Avenue, looking through the little windows in the planking of that splendid excavation. Also I've been reading Shakespeare's sonnets, in number 130 is a wonderful line for the halitosis advertisers. When I get back I want to arrange a special window display to commemorate the fact that it is 300 years since Bacon died, I don't suppose any other bookstore will think of this. Please be careful not to put any sign like LENTEN READING in our window, because the kind of people who go along our street will surely think it means we run a Lending Library. I can report as news that G. A. Baker & Co., the famous second-hand bookshop, has moved to 247 Park Avenue; one of the few places I know where really interesting rarities are always obtainable at very moderate prices. What do you think, for instance, of a first of Walt Whitman's "Specimen Days" at $5? While you are so keen about the Today and Tomorrow Series why don't you read, for instance, Kipling's "Independence," an address he made at St. Andrews University a few years ago; it is just as thrilling as your Joads and Bertrand Russells; you'll find a copy on the top shelf near the front of the store. Inquiring in one of the downtown stores, I find that the books being asked about are "The Hounds of Spring," "Microbe Hunters," "Dostoevsky" (by your friend A. Gide), "All the Sad Young Men" (what a pleasant title!), and "The Portrait of Zélide." I met a fellow in an Automat restaurant who thought that Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was a rubber king. I see that the Phœnix Bookshop lists that 1914 edition of Emily Dickinson's "The Single Hound" at $35; please shove up the price of our copy, which is evidently too low. They also have a Sherwood Anderson "Windy McPherson's Son," 1916, marked at $15. As against which I see G. A. Baker lists Hergesheimer's "Cytherea" at only $1.25. When I get back to the store we will go all over the matter of pricing first editions of American contemporaries; most of them are marked far too high, I am convinced. I have discovered for myself a little book of free verse which I think you would like; it is called "January Garden," by Melville Cane, and seems to have some real feeling. Here is one I'm sure you will approve—

GUARDIANS

God in his infinite wisdom does not teach
The budding clover to respect its elders,
The baby mountain-brook to be unselfish,
The sapling birch to love and honor its parents,
The April crescent to be polite to the stars,
The young spring rain to be careful where it spatters.
God never mentions duty to the hillocks,
Or ever says "Don't!" or "Stop!" to infant rainbows,
Or preaches self-control to little lightnings
Or orderliness to adolescent thunders.

It's published by Harcourt, Brace; order a copy, I'm sure you can sell it. I went to the sale of the Gutenberg Bible at the Anderson Galleries the other evening; think of one book selling for $106,000; it aroused some of my dormant instincts. My love to you and Amherst, I'll be back next week.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

P. S.

I will only add, having been much chaffed by customers for my unsuccessful Trade Winds two weeks ago, that the publicity Mr. Quercus has had in the *Saturday Review* has caused some people to think he is a publisher. A letter from a lady has arrived for him as follows:—

Dear Sir:—I have a true-life story in verse, as a masterpiece to a collection of poems, I desire to be published in book form.

All of my work has the human touch, but this story in particular is pronounced by authors, to be "exceptional and outstanding." Below is a short section of the poem, that you may somewhat judge the general tone of it.

"Stop him! Stop him! For God's sake, do."
Cried Ellen, rushing through and through
The car, as like a woman wild.
"Can't you see he's stealing my child?
My God! My God!" Her hair she tore.
The baby she held drop't to the floor.
She had fainted away. 'Twas better so.
A little lapse from such a blow
Would help to straighten out the skein
Of tangled threads and mental strain.

This story is in the mouth of a wholesome western woman, and has a wonderful moral to it, and gripping all the way through. I think it will interest you.

I respectfully await your advice as to whether or no to send it on for a reading. I have written to her that "wholesome western women" are much below par in the literary world just now.

JOCUNDA.

The New Books

Religion

(*Continued from preceding page*)

by the mystics of ancient Greece," or the argument that "matter is inconceivable without mind, because mind is nothing but matter in motion." The author's central thesis, which is to become the "one universal faith of the whole world," is that the universe is a living organism with a universal mind, from which human beings may draw a cosmic consciousness, perhaps developing in the future even into omniscience and omnipotence. Following this comes the doctrine that all evil is man-made and by man remediable,—the most important remedies being birth-control, the elimination of the unfit, and the abolition of separate nationalities. Throughout the book an aggressive war is carried on against current forms of sentimentalism. Scorn is heaped upon our gentle treatment of criminals, upon public charities, and upon beliefs in Heaven and Hell.

Some elements of the coming faith evidently came and went with the French Revolution, others are here now, and others perhaps will never come. Nevertheless, all deductions made, one still feels a kind of liking for Mr. Foster's candor, courage, and intransigeance. His book will set many people thinking who have never thought before. That at least is something of which he may well be proud.

SCIENCE AS REVELATION. By JOHN M. WATSON. Macmillan. 1925. $2.25.

This is an admirable summary in popular language of the most important conclusions of modern science in all its main branches and an attempt to elucidate the significance of these conclusions for religion. Mr. Watson is a man of sufficient imagination to feel the poetry of science as well as its prose. He recognizes that religion has everything to gain from accepting the facts of science in no niggardly spirit, since it will have to accept them sooner or later in any event. And his demand for a rational religion which shall not merely come to terms with truth but recognize truth as one aspect of God Himself is most welcome. The satisfying character of the religious position which he outlines is, however, open to doubt. Mr. Watson leaps blithely over many a philosophic chasm in his reckless use of the concept of energy, his assertion of the cosmic nature of moral law, and his too easy acceptance of pantheism. Nevertheless his attitude is both rational and religious, and if he far outruns the evidence at times, he is at least nearly always running in the right direction.

THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD. By LEWIS RICHARD FARNELL. Oxford University Press. 1925. $4.25.

For his second series of Gifford Lectures in the University of St. Andrews the Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, has chosen a most obvious subject, but one that is fruitful for the popular presentation which spoken or written lectures permit. It carries him into wide fields of human interest, since the attributes that men assign to God both reveal and influence their ideals for mankind. Farnell's method is to analyze the attributes that men have held of God, explaining their origin and implications. Only secondarily does he pass judgment upon them or hold them up to the sanctions of authority or value. His illustrative material is rich and appropriate. Much of the best is derived from the Greek religion in which he is most at home, but he has drawn freely on the other higher religions, Babylonian, Egyptian, and Indian, by the use of the best modern expositions as well as employing the familiar series of Judaism-Christianity-Islam, and the more primitive religions.

Besides the more familiar attributes of deity, political, moral, æsthetic, and intellectual attention is devoted to the association of God with nature, the clothing of God with human characteristics. Professor Farnell finds anthropomorphism universal and inevitable. It may be more or less refined and certain human characteristics are more worthy of the deity than are others. But complete impersonality in God nullifies religion. In like manner something is lost by the modern mind in its failure to connect God with nature. Furthermore Professor Farnell is no convinced opponent of Polytheism and of dualism. He believes that while the philosophers of religion may find objection to such attitudes, they often fall unconsciously into self-contradiction and must make concessions to the power of religion that has developed through human experience viewpoints which if not logical are none the less of value.

It is difficult to give a full idea of the interest and scope of this book. Like a history of religion, it presents the facts; like a psychology of religion, it explains them. With rapidity and clearness the author touches on many questions of more than academic interest. What place, for example, is there in a theistic morality for a god of both justice and kindness? for a god good and all-powerful as the creator of a world of sin and pain? How shall we relate the secular and religious sanctions of morality? Does ideal modern religion leave room for a consecration of a righteous war? Is religion merely pragmatic? These and many other stimulating problems are, however, only byproducts, the by-products of a clear and undogmatic analysis of the attributes of God, as men have been wont to picture them.

Travel

THE ROAD TO TOWN. By CHARLES DIVINE. Seltzer. 1925. $2.

The author of this new volume of poetry says that it is "a sincere attempt to make some poetic picture of an American community, its life, beauty, and romance. I have tried to make you smell hay—along my road to town—then gasoline; to give you the transition of America from a land with a rural breath blowing through it to the land of machines and skyscrapers."

The great fault of Mr. Divine's poetry is that it so plainly stems from a few great modern sources, and brings to the fusing of them so little that is truly new and important. As a creator of character, after the manner of Edgar Lee Masters, there is a great deal to be said for him. The sketch of Leslie Nollet, who opens a French sidewalk café in a middle western town, or that of Doctor Moat, who studies medicine so hard and fails to find a patient, only to become the most successful veterinary in the neighborhood—these things have a strength of their own. About all his portraits, however, there clings a slightly improbable, romantic air. They are often touching, and finely drawn, but there must remain a slight feeling that they would not smell, as their creator has wished them to, of hay and of gasoline, but of rarer scents.

More serious is the deliberate and acknowledged Whitman pose that Mr. Divine assumes when he speaks impersonally of the city, of life, and humanity. It is all very well for a writer to say: "I am imitating Whitman? Very well, I am imitating Whitman!" but when he fails to produce any significant effect by doing so, one can only wish that he had preferred to be himself. And it is only a passable parody.

Throughout that portion of the book which does not hide behind the mask of another poet's manner, the author has succeeded in demonstrating that he possesses a considerable dramatic power in treating a romantic subject. It is an unusual power, not necessarily primarily poetic in quality. Out of very little Mr. Divine often makes much that is significant.

Nor is it everyone who can do what Mr. Divine at his best has done. On the other hand one can imagine a great many people who could do far better the thing that he believes he has done.

IN PRAISE OF NORTH WALES. By *A. G. Bradley*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN HANDBOOK, 1926. Edited by *J. A. Hunter*. Atlantic House, Mongate, London.

LONDON'S WEST END. By *P. H. Ditchfield*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE TOURS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO AFRICA AND SOUTH AMERICA. By *Ralph Deakin*. Lippincott. $4.

(*Continued on page* 600)

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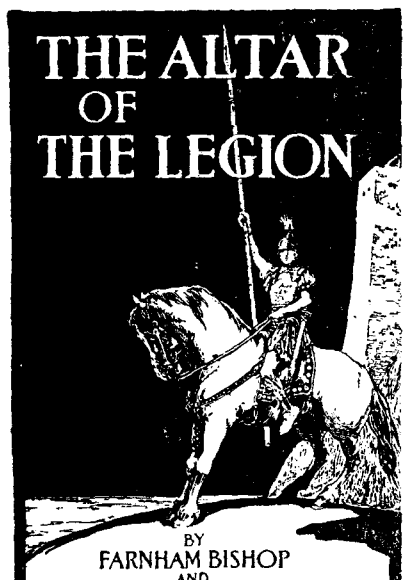

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

MARY GLENN. By *Sarah G. Millin* (Boni & Liveright).

THE ESPALIER. By *Sylvia Townsend Warner* (Dial).

MR. SECRETARY WALSINGHAM. By *Conyers Read* (Harvard University Press).

D. S., Cleveland, O., asks for fiction with midgets, dwarfs, and pygmies as characters: novels or tales, English, American or foreign, translated or untranslated. He sends a list already assembled and asks if there have not been books of this sort by Phillpotts and by Du Chaillu.

OF the books in which little people appear Walter de la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget" (Knopf) rises so far above the others that it reaches a sky of its own. It is no doubt a true enough vision of the world as seen through the eyes of the tiniest of ladies, but it is a vision that has been seen by others set apart from ordinary humanity by other reasons. There is a story by Aldous Huxley in "Mortal Coils" (Doran) about a little man of high birth and great wealth who creates for himself a paradise to scale, and searches the world for a tiny lady of corresponding mind and station for its princess. There, the world shut out, they live such a life as a child loves to read about—possibly because the child is always out of scale. But their son is full-sized, all but his soul and his æsthetic sense, and when he returns from college bringing companions, the heart-broken parents leave them carousing and take themselves out of the world as prettily as Petronius.

The Phillpotts novel is apparently the new one by Adelaide Eden Phillpotts, daughter of the novelist, who has just begun her own career in fiction with an excellent novel, "Lodgers in London" (Little, Brown). In this lodging-house Flora, the slavey, is a kind and loving dwarf; her part in the story is mainly to show her effect upon the elemental nature of the young girl who is the central figure. The other writer asked for is Paul du Chaillu, but his famous juvenile "The Country of the Dwarfs" (Harper) is a travel-book. The inquirer asks about "Sir Richard Calmody," by Lucas Malet, but he was full-sized sitting down: he had no legs. For that matter, in Du Bose Heyward's poetic study of Carolina black beggars and gamblers, "Porgy" (Doran)—let no one who has not yet read this richly beautiful book be deterred by this description—the mystic Porgy himself fits into a goat-carriage.

Dickens has plenty of dwarfs: the hard-working, misunderstood Miss Mowcher in "David Copperfield," the malignant Quilp in "Old Curiosity Shop," where the general fairy-tale atmosphere puts all the folk-lore attributes of the troll upon him, and one with simple and realistic treatment, Mr. Chops, in "GoGing into Society," which was one of the numbers in "A House to Let," in the Christmas Number of *Household Words*, 1858. This little gentleman traveled with a show but always believed he would come into property. When he did, by winning first prize in a lottery, he went into society only to return convinced that in the show he was paid light for being seen whereas at the West End he paid dear for the same thing.

There are, of course, the dwarfs of Grimm, the Arabian Nights, and Andersen—there is an especially lovely lady there—and the land of Lilliput in "Gulliver's Travels," and countless modern variants in contemporary fairy-tales, though Palmer Cox's "Brownies" have a life of their own that lasted through eleven books (Century) and a play, "The Brownies in Fairyland" (Century), and still hold a place in the American child's world. There are trolls in "Peer Gynt," and Howard Pyle has them in his "Wonder Clock" stories (Harper); there is one in one of the plays for children made from them, recently published as "Wonder Clock Plays" (Harper). There is the "Hunchback of Notre Dame," and the dwarf that is the most touching figure in any play that children give, Oscar Wilde's "Birthday of the Infanta"—though I question the wisdom of entrusting the performance of this play to children. Another line of research would be among famous dwarfs of royal courts. And if real midgets are to figure, in M. R. Werner's delicious biography, "Barnum" (Harcourt, Brace), there is not only an account of Tom Thumb but in its excellent bibliography a collection of contemporary books about Barnum's four famous dwarfs and of works like "Dwarfism" in the "Memoirs" of the Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, London, 1912. Nor would anyone who knew Marshall P. Wilder omit his "Smiling 'Round the World" (Funk) and "The Sunny Side of the Street" (Funk), brave and bright books that I am glad to see remain in print. I was a little girl when I knew him and he was scarce taller than I, almost unbelievably grotesque, but managing by power of personality to keep his own dignity and the respect of his audience through ecstacies of hilarious clowning.

I have no doubt left out some important entries: the lists are open to readers. By the way, a late entry for the collection of literary brothers is offered by M. M. B., Sioux City, Iowa, who tells E. K. J. to read Joseph C. Lincoln's latest novel, "Queer Judson," published by Appleton.

E. A. N., Connecticut, asks where to get the love-letters of the Brownings.

THE "Letters: 1845-1846" of Robert and E. B. Browning (Harper) in two volumes, are still in print, but the price is now $7.50 a set instead of the original $5.

H. M., Philadelphia, Pa., asks if it be true that Isabel Ostrander, whose detective stories she so much enjoys, wrote under five names.

SABEL OSTRANDER, whose married name was Lamb, wrote also as Robert Orr Chipperfield, David Fox, and Douglas Grant. This accounts for five names. McBride, who publish Mrs. Ostrander's signed novels, publish also five detective tales by "Chipperfield," four by "Fox," and "Two-Gun Sue," by "Grant."

WHEN I used the familiar metaphor of "throwing her bonnet over the windmill," *M. A. L. L., Boston, Mass.*, wrote for the reference, for she has long been in search of the source of this picturesque statement. But I don't know where it comes from and so I have been forced to tell her, and promise that someone of those who keep watch of these columns will supply the information.

A club in Seneca, Kansas, desires a book to be used as a basis for its study of European governments in connection with a year's consideration of how laws are made and administered in the important countries of the world, and how these compare with our own. The book already chosen for America is "Our Changing Constitution," by Charles W. Pierson (Doubleday, Page), and there will be others for special subjects, but the club needs one (or two) standard works on Europe for use by all the members.

"GREATER European Governments," by Abbott Lawrence Lowell (Harvard University Press, 1918), is brief, clear, and detailed enough for this purpose. It is an abridgment of the author's "Governments of England" and "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe," and is inexpensive enough to fit out a club with many copies. Frederic Austin Ogg's "Governments of Europe" (Macmillan), a much larger work revised to 1920, describes the systems of smaller as well as larger countries. Though Bryce's "Modern Democracies" (Macmillan) is expensive, it should be at least within reach of consultation by members of this group, in their local library. It compares the features of six governments, including our own, with impartial lucidity.

E. H. G., West Virginia, is going to Normandy for the summer; what is the book from which he will get the most help on how to spend this time there intelligently? He has already Henry Adams's "Mont St. Michel" and does not hope for anything so illuminating for the whole of Normandy.

FOR practical field use there is a guide-book in the Blue Guides series (Macmillan) that has thirteen maps and plans, and the same intelligent arrangement of required material that distinguishes this excellent sort of travel-companions.

A PUBLISHER ASKS PERMISSION TO TAKE SOME REVIEWERS, PLEASANTLY, TO TASK:

In your good review of MARY GLENN, the new novel by the author of GOD'S STEPCHILDREN, you have done full justice to the qualities of a fine novel. Many of you have called it a great novel with which statement we have no cause to quarrel. But you have nearly all, spoken of it, as the tragedy of a snob! MARY GLENN, who marries the wrong man, and sees the man she really loves marry the wrong woman, is driven into her dilemma by something more than snobbery. It is not so much a tragedy of snobbery as of that fatal consistency of strong minds that renders them true even to their errors, and drives them to endure inconceivable torment to keep faith with their pride. MARY GLENN we feel is a remarkable portrait of a proud woman rather than a snob, and one of the finest of such portraits in literature.

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Points of View

A Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Your issue of January 2 contains an article by Agnes C. Laut in which Canada's soul is discussed with considerable first-hand knowledge, and in a spirit of playful, if somewhat disappointed intimacy. Miss Laut pictures this soul in a state of muddy ebullition, darkly enfolding on itself beneath its viscous surface above which hover, like twin rainbows of release, of inspiration, and of guidance, the poesies of Dr. Albert Watson and Robert Norwood.

Canada's soul is, of course, a personal matter between Miss Laut and the particular kind of soul Miss Laut supposes Canada has. National souls are largely matters of personal taste and as such are open to personal modification.

But exception must be taken to her attributing to Dr. Watson and Robert Norwood the leadership of two groups of poetry in this country: that led by Watson —"seeking to help Canada by holding aloft the Torch of a joyous New Life"; that by Norwood—"ruthlessly striking the iron bands of slavery to the old from Canada's head by articulating the wild emotions and aspirations of the average man and woman . . . on the street."

Neither Dr. Watson nor Robert Norwood is the leader of any group. To be a leader one must have followers—two, at least. Unless Miss Laut is willing to join Dr. Watson in following the leadership of Mr. Norwood, and Mr. Norwood in following the leadership of Dr. Watson, such is not the case.

To say "Dr. Watson is recognized as the Whitman of Canada; and the praise is not too great," is utterly ridiculous. There are too many Canadians with a profound knowledge of Whitman to allow such a statement to pass unchallenged. It is a reflection on the intelligent judgment of an entire country.

To say "Norwood is articulating the wild emotions and aspirations of the man and woman on the street" is to arrange so many shining words. Surely Miss Laut's long experience as a writer on economic subjects has made her sufficient of a realist to see that the movies, the comic strip, the Charleston, Tin Pan Alley, five-star editions, Cinderella, and Red Grange actually articulate the emotions and aspirations of the average man and woman on the street. Anyone who completely articulated the wilder emotions would land in gaol.

These average men and women of Miss Laut are phantoms, just as is her soul of Canada, and the Canadian critics to whom she attributes the near crucifixion of Dr. Watson. With a quarter dozen exceptions Canada has no critics. She has innumerable writers who discuss one another's books with astonishing fervor, just as they do in the States, or as Miss Laud does in her article. Generous people whose loyalties and enthusiasms often lead them precipitously into premature discoveries of Messiahs are as common north of the 49th parallel as south of it. Neither Watson nor Norwood has suffered the "damnations heaped on Whitman's head." Whitman's martyrdom was an heroic thing. He was called a lecherous old scoundred and kicked out of a fifty-dollar-a-month job in the United States Printing Bureau because he had a copy of "Leaves of Grass" in his desk. No one ever lost a position for similarly secreting Dr. Watson's or Mr. Norwood's works about him.

Nor can they be suffering because "the critics can't see what they are driving at." If they are suffering it must be because the critics feel that they are driving at nothing of particular moment, in a manner that is not particularly momentous. The critics may be very wrong, as critics so often are, and the present writer may be treating a friendly bit of literary timber cruising with undue seriousness, but he feels that the impression, created by Miss Laut's article, that Watson and Norwood are becoming vigorous, symbolic figures around which are clustering the northern searchers for the dawn, should not be allowed to stand. There are enough misconceptions in your admirable country concerning Canada without allowing a new one to gain credence, especially when the nails and mast are so close to hand. Neither poet is a group, and neither is a school of Canadian poetry any more than one Harvard undergraduate is the educational system of New England. There are six or eight outstanding living Canadian poets, but at the moment of writing neither Dr. Watson nor Mr. Norwood has been numbered among them.

The entire tenor of Miss Laut's article is questionable. The impression she gives of Canada suffering from the pangs of spiritual birth with her two poets the only mid-wives in sight is glamorous but in error. Canada's sufferings, if she has any, would seem to be geographic rather than spiritual; administrative rather than vocal; statistically realistic rather than nebulously sentimental.

One feels that Miss Laut has lived too long away from her native country to be in as intimate touch with developments here as your leader, "A Letter from Canada," would lead one to believe. She speaks of Lauren Harris being "the leader of a distinct school of art in Canada today." Harris is a member of the distinguished "Group of 7" whose work in landscape painting shows a Canadian interpretive method distinct to this country, but Harris would be the first to deny his or any other person's leadership. Anyone familiar with the Group knows that one of its fierce contentions is that it has had no leader. One might say that the leader was a point of view which has become in time a tradition that is at once a challenge and a defence.

When Miss Laut speaks of Foster as doing similar work in portrait painting to that being done by the Group of 7 in landscape painting, she seriously jeopardizes one's faith in her critical judgment in her own particular field of interpretive economic criticism. Foster is no more to be linked with the Group of 7 than Bougereau with Rockwell Kent.

One might go on indefinitely. Miss Laut's article raises many questions about Canada which ought to be discussed, but the purpose of this letter is simply to point out that her opinions are not universally held in this country, and that her knowledge of its artistic tendencies is not as profound as her article would lead one to suppose.

MERRILL DENISON.

Toronto.

A Correction

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In your issue of January 9th, your reviewer, Mr. Griffis, refers to Zoe Kincaid, author of "Kabuki: The Popular Stage of Japan," as "an English lady," and imputes to her some of the common faults of British writers on Oriental subjects, one of these being their tendency to ignore American work in that field.

I do not wish to quibble, but merely to point out that Zoe Kincaid (Mrs. J. N. Penington), although of English parentage, and married to an English journalist, is really an American. She was raised and educated in the state of Washington, and is a graduate of the University of Washington. Her recent book, then, must be rated as a piece of American scholarship. If it reflects British faults we must blame either ancestry or marriage, or both.

GLENN HUGHES.

University of Washington.
Seattle.

Greek or Welsh?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

In the *Saturday Review* of January 2, page 263, the allusion to Pindar's ode beginning "L'pictov mev udwp" is really rather good. I thought at first it was a translation into Welsh.

ARTHUR H. WESTON.

An Exception

To the Editor of The Saturday Review:
SIR:

I wish to take exception to Mr. Lloyd Morris's review of Fannie Hurst's "Appassionata." I have not read the book and I raise no question as to his strictures on the style of the novel, but it is surely not fair to damn a book as a whole on account of its style while making no reference to plot, character, and the other elements which are important in a novel. A good review should give a clear idea as to the nature of the story. This one takes certain examples of style from their context and condemns the book without further describing it.

HARGRAVE S. CONKLING.

By a regrettable oversight, Mr. Waldo Frank's article, "The First Rogue," run in the issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* of September 13, was published without mention of the fact that it is a chapter of a forthcoming volume by Mr. Frank.

"Neglected Books"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

All these books have given me great pleasure, and I should like to pass them on. I shall be content if I gain a single reader for each of them:

Giovanni Verga's "Mastro-Don Gesualdo," translated by D. H. Lawrence (Seltzer); Kenneth Graham's "The Golden Age," "Dream Days," "The Wind in the Willows," "The Headswoman" (John Lane); Edmond De Goncourt's "La Faustin" (Brentano's); Azorin's "Don Juan" (Knopf); Frank Norris's "McTeague" (Boni & Liveright); Loti's "Romance of a Spahi" (Brentano's); Haldane McFall's "The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer" (Knopf); Cabell's "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" (the much thumbed "Jurgen" needs a rest) (McBride); Flaubert's "Sentimental Education" (Brentano's); Aldanov's "St. Helena" (Knopf); the (magnificent) "Diaries of Otto Braun" (Knopf).

The last I should like to call particular attention to. Principally because, though a book of astounding excellence (technically and otherwise) it has—so far as I know, never been mentioned—not even by an obscure reviewer. It is called "Three Crosses" (Moffat, Yard—now Dodd, Mead, I believe), and is ably translated from the Italian of Federigo Tozzi by R. Capellero. In my opinion, there is not a flaw in it; the story moves gradually toward a foreseen and inevitable tragedy. Characters are sharply delineated. There are no heroics. No complexes, thank God! No bitterness. Very little tenderness. Nothing but an admirable restraint . . . the hallmark of an aristocratic art. The wonder grows when we learn that Tozzi was of peasant blood and the son of a brutal Siennese innkeeper.

Columbus, Ohio. KARL BREND.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 598*)

Brief Mention

OF books on our shelf this week dealing with the use of language there are five that treat of the spoken word, the written word, and the reading of the written word. In primis we have "Speech Correction," a volume examining all of the major forms of defective speech, such as nasality, stuttering, lisping, stammering, and so on, with an analysis of the speaking mechanism. It is written by *Richard C. Borden and Alvin C. Busse*, Co-Directors in the Speech Clinics of New York University (New York: F. S. Crofts. $3.50), and is a book intended for teachers, parents, and physicians, with elaborate tables and graphs. And, without any physiological correlatives, here are two new volumes in the Century Company's "Century Education Series," viz: "Reading: Its Psychology and Pedagogy," by *John Anthony O'Brien*, Ph. D., and "Principles and Practices of Secondary Education," by *John Addison Clement*, Ph.D. The first is a summary of experimental studies in reading, a technical book on a scientific basis, intended to be a primer in its field. The second is an epitome of the teaching process, the learning process, and the subject matter of reorganized secondary education. Another primer, an elementary grammar and composition book which lays a foundation for the same author's more advanced composition, is *Francis Kingsley Ball's* "Building with Words" (Ginn & Co. $1.08). And finally here is a volume that attempts to set forth the basic processes of expository writing in a form that will be intelligible and helpful to first-year students, "An Introduction to Expository Writing," by *Dora Gilbert Tompkins* and *Jessie MacArthur*, both of Iowa State College (Harper: $1.80).

Turning from these to works of reference, we have the "New Standard Bible Dictionary," edited jointly by *M. W. Jacobus, E. E. Nourse*, and *A. C. Zenos*, with a notable list of contributors. This volume has been produced by representative scholars of the leading denominations. Its introductory articles are of especial interest. An earlier edition of it was published in 1909, but the present edition has been so completely revised, enlarged, and rewritten as to constitute what is practically a new book. It is published by Funk & Wagnalls at $7.50, and is a comprehensive and authoritative guide. "A German-English Dictionary," by *Herman C. G. Brandt* (Stechert) is the result of twenty years spent by the late Dr. Brandt in a work interrupted by the Great War. It now incorporates many war terms, and is a practical dictionary omitting curiosities, etc. It is only German into English. "Dutch Architecture of the Twentieth Century" (Scribner's: $10) is edited by *J. P. Mieras*, Director Bond of Netherland Architects, and *F. R. Yerbury*. The photographs were specially taken by F. R. Yerbury. This is a book of plates showing interesting developments in Dutch architecture, of which the most original are in public and industrial buildings. "Tin and the Tin Industry," by *A. H. Mundey* (New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons: $1), is a brief but comprehensive manual dealing with the origin, use, and nature of this metal; "Ice Hockey," by *Thomas K. Fisher*, is a manual of this sport for player and coach (Scribners: $.75). Mr. Fisher, a celebrated player himself, is hockey coach at St. Paul's School, Concord.

A special "Handbook for the Blind and Their Friends" has been prepared by *Winifred Holt*, the material being reprinted from Miss Holt's "The Light Which Cannot Fail." Miss Holt has, of course, spent many years in the study of the problems of the blind. The primer is published by Dutton, as is a new edition of "The Light Which Cannot Fail," bearing now the addition of two new chapters to these stories of the American, French, and Italian Light Houses. This edition does not contain the section removed to form the handbook mentioned. New editions of other books before us are: a second edition of *Arthur W. Clayden's* "Cloud Studies" (Dutton: $6), a key to a scientific understanding of the clouds, the causes of their formation and what they portend, etc., and a new volume in the Oxford University Press's excellent series of reprints in compact form (The World's Classics), namely "Comedies," by *William Congreve* (Oxford University Press: 80 cents). The World's Classics already contains, among recent publications, "The Old Curiosity Shop," *Grey's* "Letters," and *Trelawney's* "Adventures of a Younger Son."

Thus we come to some biographical works. "The Life of Samuel J. Elder," by *Margaret M. Elder* (Yale University Press: $5), is a readable life of a distinguished lawyer and graduate of Yale. "Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy," by the Reverend *Alexander Robertson*, D.D., is a short popular biography not calculated to injure the reputation of a foreign sovereign. It is brought out by Stokes at three dollars. *Carter G. Woodson*, Editor of *The Journal of Negro History*, has embodied some valuable statistical material in "Free Negro Heads of Families in the United States in 1830," a book on a section of the negro race in the days of slavery that has been much neglected by historians. An accompanying pamphlet is "Free Negro Owners of Slaves in the United States in 1830." Both book and pamphlet are published by The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, at 1538 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Three books on religion constitute our next division. "Great Canadian Preaching," by *W. Harold Young*, and "Cameos from Calvary," by Rev. *J. W. G. Ward*, D.D., are both Doran books, each at two dollars net. The former is a collection of model sermons gleaned from the Canadian pulpit. The latter is the New Testament story made over into dramatic fiction, "moving shadow shapes" in the drama of Calvary. "The Church of England and The Free Churches" is a pamphlet from The Oxford University Press (85 cents), edited by *G. K. A. Bell* and *W. L. Robertson*. It collects all the documents issued up to date on the "Appeal to all Christian People" in relation to the Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England.

Our final group is one of history and travel. *Arthur Young* was the author of the very famous "Tour in France" which is so important in the history of the conditions of the peasantry in the Eighteenth Century. Now, in a new edition, we have a less important book of his which nevertheless abundantly justifies its revival. This is "A Tour of Ireland with General Observations on the Present State of that Kingdom made in the Years 1776, 1777, and 1778." This reprint is selected and edited by *Constantia Maxwell* and published at the Cambridge University Press (7s 6d net). With it, it is interesting to read "The Student's History of Ireland," by *Stephen Gwyn* (Macmillan), an abridgment and rewriting of the author's more extensive "History of Ireland," published in 1923. This is a sound and moderate study of a difficult subject. "The American's London," by *Thomas Hunt Martin*, published by Edwin Valentine Mitchell in Hartford, Connecticut, makes an interesting little manual for those interested in that part of American history that lies abroad. And finally, here is *Ralph Henry Barbour's* "Let's Go to Florida" (Dodd, Mead: $2), a really informative book, honestly written, though obviously for propaganda purposes.

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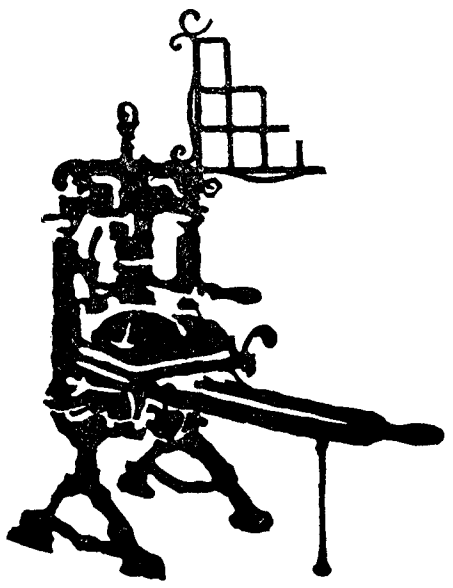

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This is the story of the splendid and unfortunate Blanche Clifford, whose father found for her, at seventeen, a brilliant match with the Italian Prince Roccapalumba. . . . There are those who, perhaps, remember her, in England or Rome or at the opera in Paris. Tall and dark, with an un-English beauty, with something wistfully majestic about her, she was like some one strayed from a fairy tale. . . . There are few who could tell her tragic story as Maurice Baring has here. Only an Englishman of his generation could have told it in so quiet a voice. $4.00

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Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Phoenix Nest

WE don't care that we weren't able to buy that *Gutenberg* Bible. * * * We'd just as lief *Dr. Rosenbach* should have it. * * * Even if it is a Melk copy, and therefore Certified Grade A, as our *famulus* puts it. But we grieve that *Suzanne* beat *Helen*. * * * We grieve more over Helen than we do over *Vera*, though the way Vera has been treated aroused in us this rhyme:

VERA'S VERACITY

You told the truth; you're not allowed to stay.
You should have held your peace,—and run away.
It isn't what you do *that's reprehensible;*
It's what you say. *Say, Lady, ain't that sensible?*

* * * Vera's case is just one of those little incidents that tends to make the majesty of the law a trifle less majestic. * * * *I met a fool i' the forest, a motley fool,—a miserable world!* * * * Of course by the time this appears in print the whole complexion of things may have changed. * * * We have to gamble on futures in this column. * * * Well, Helen, anyway, for *antipasto*, you didn't do a thing to *Didi Vlasto*. * * * But we *mustn't* let our alien interest in tennis or the double standard intrude upon our literary musings. * * * For Appleton, *John Vandervoort Sloan* has prepared suggestions for twenty-four programs on leading writers of the day (Appleton writers). * * * These suggestions are incorporated in a neat pamplet. * * * Literary sections of women's clubs take notice! * * * But oughtn't we to add our belated tribute to *Captain George Fried?* * * * We will, anyway.

Oh hero, home across the tide,
Do those you love pronounce it Fried?
We bow before your peerless deed,
But tell us,—do you call it Fried?
* * * Here, here,—*back to the job!* * * *

Elswyth Thane was born in Iowa, twenty-six years ago. She doesn't write of Sioux or Kiowa,—*oh, good heavens, No!* She writes at night betwen eight and three. Don't confuse her book with "Riders to the Sea." It's the maiden novel of her interesting mind (F. A. Stokes Co.) "Riders of the Wind." * * * Where *'Gene Field* rested once, a new apartment rises. The Sabine Farm's no more. I hope the tenants, 'Gene, may suffer grim surprises; I hope you'll grieve them sore! * * * I hope you'll haunt them, 'Gene,—but no, *you* would not haunt them, you antic gentil sprite. Cloistered at Kenilworth I know you would not *want* them to wake in fright at night. * * * Yet, if you came, a ghost,—stood listening for "the pitcher the boy brings up the hall,"—how could your wraith affright, how could your rapt Horatian still syllables appal? * * * *You* would not stand there "p'intin'," nor even looking cross-eyed,—but round you like a light would shine of Shut-Eye Town its fabulous child's garden, if *they* "saw things" at night. * * * Perhaps the chocolate cat would rub against your ankles, the Dinkey-bird would trill, the misty sea of Nod in slumberous phosphorescence would seep across the sill. * * * You'd bring such dreams, and peace,—a wistful wild enchantment we moderns seldom know,—once more the Lyttel Boy, the stranger ghost than *Dibdin's*, from thirty years ago. * * * A gorgeous old bookman is *Henry A. Beers*, a poet, a scholar, a teacher for years. Another Horatian and lyrist, he's got any number of things he can say about botany. * * * We see *Arthur Colton* has recently praised him. So shy is the man that it must have amazed him. * * * But indeed we endorse, as uncommonly fine, this Professor Emeritus, Yale '69. * * * And *Somerville* and *Martin Ross* are here again, though Ross is really gone. Read "The Big House of Inver" and take cheer again. Recall them in their dawn. Light-hearted writers, fitly celebrating the hunting-field of yore,—what pith, what charm in their collaborating "Along the Irish Shore"! * * * There's a book that *John Macrae* calls *big*. "Pig Iron!" A Casting in a mould is called a "pig." Pig Iron! The story that *Charles G. Norris* can write-'ll hold your attention in spite of the title. He's sometimes heavy—but he's sometimes *vital*. Pig Iron! * * * We missed the *Quinn* collection exhibition. Sad, but a fac'! However, here's an int'restin' edition by *Walter Pach*. The Viking Press has published his "The Masters of Modern Art." Look at the illustrations, poetasters,—and so take heart. * * * Henry Holt and Company said they would have a new set of offices at One Park Avenue. Well, on February first they moved them o'er, and you'll find them located on the seventh floor. * * * *Countess Gizycka*, pronounced Gi-zee-ka, has had a new novel out for just a week, a book about a Frenchman in the Diplomatic Corps. You'll have to read it, for we'll tell you no more. * * * Nor will we comment—not that it matters—on the fact that she used to be *Eleanor Patterson*. * * * Oh yes, the title! (if your interest arouses), Minton, Balch & Company,—ask for "Glass Houses." * * * Better than a bun shop, better than a cook shop, we wish to speak of the Phœnix Book Shop. We hope it may delight the very *best* brains among readers of *The Phoenix Nest*. * * * Not on the best street, not on the worst street,—it's at 21 E. 61st Street. * * * *Vestigia V. Flammae* sends us a poem. We print it at once without further proem:

Said Christopher Robin to P. Christopher Wren,
"I hear Beau Geste's *been reprinted again."*
Said P. Christopher Wren to Christopher Robin,
"'When We Were Very Young' still keeps on throbbin'."

* * * *Louis Untermeyer* isn't *incommunicado*. He is merely journeying through Colorado. * * * He was really awed, though he laid himself odds, by the famous Balanced Rock in the Garden of the Gods. * * * But a fact that seems to us far more sinister is that *Sinclair Lewis* has been stopping with a Minister. * * * However, though he isn't yet back in Mt. Kisco, he's now deserted Kansas for San Francisco. * * * The Movies are doing *M. R. Werner's* "Barnum." * * * Well, as long as they don't get *William Farnum*—! * * * "Odtaa" is *Masefield's* novel for the Spring. * * * Odtaa that title seems, as anything! * * * "The Battle to the Weak" is a novel of pith by a writer who's compared to *Sheila Kaye-Smith*. The author is Welsh, and her story is drawn from wild Welsh life, and her name is *Hilda Vaughan*. * * * *Benefield's* gone North in his Chicken Wagon. If we *had* a flagon we'd toast him in a flagon. He'll write another novel full of authenticity. He has shaken off the harness of Century publicity.

Said Barry to John, "While kine can graze field,
Your reputation is established, Masefield."
"Oh, well," answered John, "while summer shows a green field—"
"No! Watch out!" yelped Barry. "It is not *pronounced Beanfield!"*

* * * *J. T. Rogers* succeeds old Barry. Is he also a novelist? What? Yea, marry! * * * *Laura Riding Gottschalk*, the American poet, has gone to England, though you may not know it. Thence, with *Nancy Nicholson* and *Robert Graves*, to Egypt and to Cairo she has crossed the waves. * * * In Cairo she and Graves will write a book, while Nancy sketches people as they look. * * * They all may go to India ere they are done. * * * Nancy's children are along, and they cry, "What fun!" * * * We are deeply indebted, for this news of their affairs, to a lady in Los Angeles, *Isabel Mayers*. * * * And you get in the swing of this darned old thing and you can't let go of its ting-a-ling-a-ling! * * * But by the gods, we'll try another strain instead! We'll ask you why you haven't read a book by *Metcalfe* called "The Smoking Leg?" * * * Good egg! Good egg! * * * Your answer's quite correct. It won't be out till Spring. * * * Watch for it though, old thing! * * * They say that some of his short stories are full of glories. Your thirst if you'd assuage, watch for *John Metcalfe's* tales from Doubleday, Page. * * * And now—now that the perspiration beads the brow of him that chanted erst (now that we've done our worst)—farewell to this and that! * * * We're hurrying swiftly to an Automat.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

A collection of the letters of the late George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "The Cavalier," etc., is being prepared for publication by his daughter, Mrs. Henry Wolfe Bikle. Mrs. Bikle has asked that persons having in their possession letters written by her father lend them for this work, sending them to her at 324 South Twenty-first Street, Philadelphia. Any letters so sent will be promptly returned.

In commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the founding of New York by the Dutch, Martinus Nijhoff, bookseller at The Hague, Holland, has issued a catalogue, "The Hollanders in America," containing a collection of books, maps, and pamphlets relating to the early colonization, voyages, explorations, etc., by the Hollanders, in different parts of North and South America.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A NEW HIGH RECORD

A NEW sensationally high record was made on the evening of February 15, at the Anderson Galleries, when the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible, consigned by Edward Goldston, a London book-seller, was knocked down by A. N. Bade, auctioneer, to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach for $106,000, breaking the previous high record by more than $30,000. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that this copy of the first printed book would bring about $85,000, and when the $100,000 mark was reached there was prolonged applause.

A crowd which filled every seat of the Anderson Galleries and used most of the standing space waited patiently through the second session of the sale of the selections from the R. B. Adam library, until about 10:30, when the sale of the Bible was started by a bid of $50,000 by Miss Belle Costa Greene, librarian of the J. P. Morgan library. Gabriel Wells raised the bid to $55,000 and continued in the race with Dr. Rosenbach until the bidding passed $80,000, when he dropped out. William Evarts Benjamin then entered the race, his last bid being $105,000, which Dr. Rosenbach raised to $106,000 and captured the prize.

The highest previous record was $70,000, when George D. Smith bought Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonais" at Sotheby's in London in 1919. The highest previous price paid for a copy of the Gutenberg Bible was about $60,000, which Carl Pforzheimer, a New York broker, paid Dr. Rosenbach for a copy a year or more ago. The Hoe vellum copy, sold at the Anderson Galleries in April, 1911, brought $50,000, which caused a world sensation at the time. The first Gutenberg Bible to come to America was bought by Henry Stevens for James Lenox, who paid him $2,500 for it in 1847. This copy is now in the New York Public Library.

The Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible is one of the finest in existence. Seymour de Ricci, who prepared the catalogue, said that neither the printed book nor the venerable monastic binding has been cleaned, mended, or repaired. It is decorated throughout by a contemporary illuminator, with colored flowery scrolls and leaves running from the larger initials. The scrolls are similar to those embellishing the copy belonging to the City of Burgos, in Spain. The less important initials are painted in red, blue, or green, on a background of a different color, and it is believed are of the same hand as the designer of the celebrated initials in the 1457 Psalter issued from the same press two years later.

In 1911, when the Hoe copy of the Gutenberg Bible brought $50,000, it was believed that this would long remain a world high record. In 1919, when Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonais" sold for $70,000, the same opinion was expressed about this sensational figure. At the present time it seems that the figure $106,000 is a hard one to beat, but it must be remembered that prices in the last quarter of a century have been going up in leaps and bounds. It takes a large figure to create a sensation today.

GOOD PRICES AT ANDERSON'S

THE library of the late Mrs. Henry E. Huntington was sold at the Anderson Galleries, February 8 and 9, 576 lots bringing $50,063.50. The three sessions were well attended and good prices were generally realized. A few of the more important lots and the prices which they brought were the following:

Alken. *Annals of Sporting and Fancy Gazette*, 13 vols., 8vo, levant, London, 1822-28. Includes the rare final number of June, 1828. $850.

Alken. *The Sporting Repository*, with colored plates by Alken and others, Vol. I, all published of this short-lived periodical, 8vo, levant, London, 1822. $625.

Bode (Wilhelm). "Complete Works of Rembrandt" with heliographic reproductions of the master's pictures, 8 vols., folio, levant by Ruban, Paris, 1897-1906. Edition de luxe on Japan paper. $610.

Burney (Frances). A collected set of first editions of her novels, 18 vols., 12mo, levant by Reviere, London, 1778-1814. Includes the rare "Evelina." $875.

Ralfe (J). "The Naval Chronology of Great Britain," 3 vols., imperial 8vo, original marbled boards, in cases. London, 1820. Rare first edition. $603.

Fielding (Henry). A collection of first editions of his writings, 19 vols., 8vo and 12mo, levant by Reviere, London, 1742-55. $650.

Lafontaine (Jean de). "Fables Choises," with 718 plates by the best engravers of the period, 6 vols., 8vo, red morocco, Paris, 1765-75. With the arms of Marie Antoinette. $625.

Lawrence (Sir Thomas). "Life and Correspondence," edited by D. E. Williams, 2 vols., 8vo inlaid to 4to, extended to 13 vols., with specially printed titles, levant by Zaehnsdorf, London, 1831. Contains 1,311 extra engravings, drawings, and autographs. $1,200.

Reade (Charles). A collected set of first editions, 56 vols., 8vo and 12mo, polished calf, London, 1851-87. Long and fine set. $625.

Sterne (Laurence). A collected first set of first editions, 22 vols., 16mo, mottled calf, London, 1760-75. $510.

TENDENCIES IN COLLECTING

GEORGE H. SARGENT, in an introduction to "Private Book Collectors," discusses "Modern Tendencies in Book Collecting" from which we reprint the following paragraph:

"Undoubtedly an increasing number of young collectors will follow the fashion of today, unless a new one is created. To attempt to analyze the present tendencies in book collecting with the view to assisting the young collector to form a library which will be a profitable investment from a financial point of view is to venture into a field of prophecy for which I have no inclination, even had I the prescience. Most of the books which have been written to tell men how to get rich have been the work of writers to whom three square meals a day was a great blessing. The new fashions in book collecting are created by men who have made strongly individual libraries, like Stephen H. Wakeman and John Quinn. There will always be a following for such, and there will also be individual collections built up by men who have a distaste for treading beaten paths. But the tendency of the times, as indicated by the annual book prices current, is to collect those rarities of literature, whether old or new, which the owners themselves "can enjoy and show to their friends." Good books, well printed and in fine bindings, may be found in almost any line to which the collector may direct his activities. Such books will have a positive and permanent value, enhanced, it may be, by their prevenance; by their being association copies or by excessive rarity.

Erratum

By a regrettable error in the review of "Oxford Observations," by J. Ainsworth Morgan, run in the issue of *The Saturday Review* for December 19, the book was listed as published by George H. Doran. Actually it is published by Frederick H. Hitchcock.

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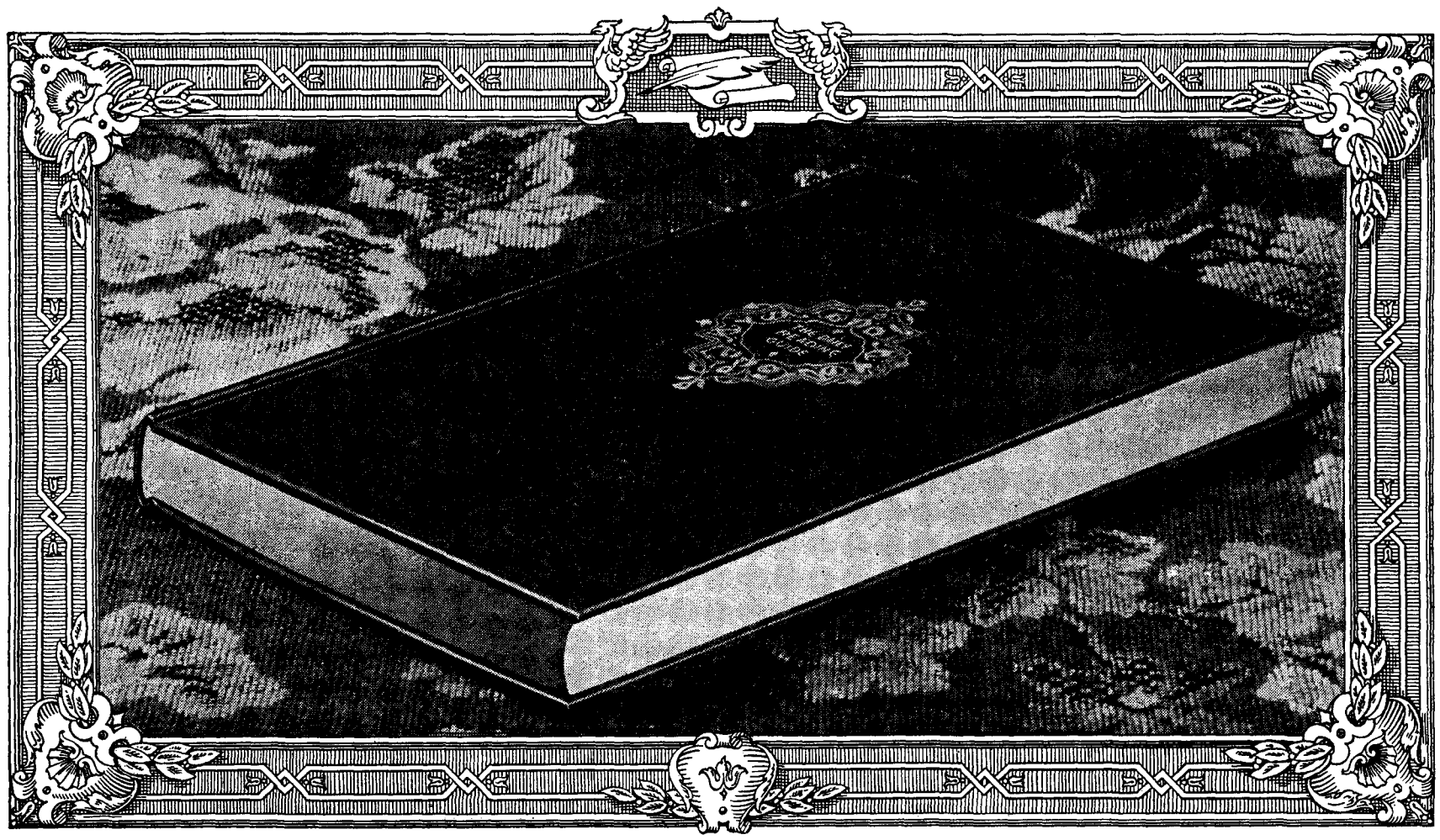

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